

A
Rosary of Rarities


Planted
In a Garden of Poetry;

Lively Delineating
The Properties of *Passion*, and
Force of *Affection*;
Distinguished
into
Satyr, Triumph, and Amoret.

Composed occasionally, By Tho. Jordan.

*Slight not this Present, 'cause it is not Great,
True Love and Wit are never bought by Weight.*

L O N D O N:
Printed for the Author.





To all Noble, Learned, and Ingenious Lovers, of Poets, and Poetry.

Most Royal, Honourable, and truly Worthy.

Although Poets and Poetry (which the best ages formerly had in an exalted Estimation) are, in these loose latter times so discrowned and disgraced, that the very Name is made a Title of Infamy, and their inspired Persons considered but in the needless number of metrical Mendicants; (because Poverty and Poetry are such Correlatives) yet I hope those Persons to whom I direct my Endeavours, and would onely select to be my Supervisors, are qualified with diviner Inspection.

To the Poetical Reader.

on. It hath been frequently observable amongst Historians, when *Times* did grow degenerate, and declined into *Barbarism*, Poetry did wane into contempt and contumely, but (*à contrario*) in flourishing, well modell'd and orderly guided *Republicks* it advanced to Honour and admiration. I am not so extrayagant as once a presented Poetaster (in a good Comedy) said, *Who loves not Verse is damn'd*: not so rapt with a vain-glorious humour and self-admiration as old Ben was, when he made this *Distick*, the Theam being *Poets*.

*when God begins to do some excellent thing,
He makes a Poet or, at least, a King.*

But I am perswaded that the *Priests of Apollo* are very much better then the squint-eyed souls of rustick capacities render them.

To the Poetical Reader.

I remember (very opportunely) that I once presented a Manual of Meeter to a very popular Physician of this City in *Oliver's* time, who made me no better return, then that *He hated Poetry*; after which words such a judgement fell upon him, that he hath lien sweating under the heavy displeasure of *Venus* ever since. I could tell you more and worse punishments that have fallen upon such *Hereticks*; but I should then make my *Epistle* exceed the length of my *Book*, and your *patience*; which I fear I shall preserve to suffer more by the *Saw* of my rude Compositions, although never the intent of

Your Servant,

Tho. Jordan.



An Induction.

When eighteen years had crucify'd our Pleasure,
 With Civil Swords, by wasting Blood and Trea-
 When by the Power of a Schismatick brood (sure;
 Religion's glorious face was in a Cloud;
 After the mildest King the Sun e're saw
 Was murder'd by imaginary Law:
 When Cov'nants made to God, Angels, and Men
 Were broke by those who fain would do't agen;
 After they did the Bloody Corps Interr,
 Of Praying, Preaching, Perjur'd Oliver;
 When Parliaments were worn unto the stump,
 And England's Head was ruled by a Rump;
 When (blinde with sorrow) we began to grope,
 When all were out of heart, and out of hope:
 Then MONCK, the King of Gen'als came forth
 In a mysterious March out of the North,
 To London City; where he and his Men
 Pull'd down the Gates, but set them up agen:
 When by his smiles he put hope in us all,
 This Speech was spoken to him in this Hall.

*A Speech made to his Excellency the Lord General Monek,
and the Council of State, at Skinners-Hall on Wednes-
day, being the Fourth of April, 1660. At which time
he was nobly entertained by that Honourable Company.*

I Can forbear no longer, out it must
If I shall prove ingenious or just,
I have with wary eyes observ'd your steps,
Your Stands, your Turns, your Pauses and your Leaps,
And finde, however you may mask your brow,
You are a States-man, and ambitious too :
A right self-ended Person, for be't known,
Yours and the Publick Safety are all one ;
You are ambitious to be good, that feat
Our States-men mist, for they were to be great :
But yet (as *Solomon* made that choice which
Commanded all) Wisdom will make you rich,
And great, and glorious ; and these shall last
As long as time, and after time is past :
When such as have their Countreys Rights betray'd,
Shall receive pay in *Lucifers* Brigade.
My Lord, I scorn to flatter, I'll be true t'ye,
All the good Deeds y'have done, are but your Duty ;
But yet your hand stretch't in *Jehovahs* Name
Hath snatch'd three burning Kingdoms from the Flame ;
Our Laws, our Liberties, or what to us,
And all mankinde may be held precious,
Were at the Stake, this Action hath out-run
All thought ; we cannot tell you what y'have done,

Nor

Nor you your self, it may not be exprest
 Till divers years have made it manifest :
 Those ravenous beasts that our destruction wrought,
 When Church and State were to the *Barebone* brought,
 (*Praise God*) you ransom'd, and without a Club,
 Beat down the daring Doctrine of the Tub ;
 The sinking Pulpit to you did restore,
 Our Apron-Prelates must come there no more ;
 And now the Iron-Monger will not rush in,
 But cease to make an Anvile of the Cushin :
 This you have done, quite unknown to the silly
 Prognostications of *Booker* and *Lilly* ,
 Who know not (with all help their Arts can do)
 What 'tis guides *Charles his Wain* so well as you.
 But I forget my Message, Sir ! by me
 This faithful Hospitable Company
 Doth bid you welcome ; welcome as the Spring,
 As you your self would welcome home — the thing
 We all expect, without the which, each Nation
 Subsisteth onely by Anticipation :
 These ten or twelve years our three Kingdoms have
 Liv'd in a darkness equal to the Grave,
 Stifled for want of breath until the bright
 Beams of your Presence gave a little light :
 'Tis yet but twilight, could we gain the Sun,
 And the clear wholesome air, the work were done ;
 You can dispel these mists and make all fair,
 We sue for nothing but the *Sun* and *Air* .

Continuation of the Induction.

THe wary General whose Art did lye
 Much in the soul of business, secrecie,
 Was so obscure in all his postures we
 Could not discover his dark Loyalty ;
 So silent was his tongue, secret his face,
 We could by neither finde he did embrace
 Our royal hints ; but when the upshot came,
 Swifter then powder, put into a flame,
 Through an obscuring Cloud before he speaks,
 Even as a hand Granado e're it breaks,
 He fir'd us all, for (with a true consent)
 The Kingdom calls a full Free Parliament,
 That he by lawful consequence might bring
 The suffering Sovereignty of our Dread King
 Home to his glories, which no time could do
 But this, 'cause Providence would have it so :
 And now the Scene is chang'd, for what before
 The people did so hatefully abhor,
 They heartily embrace : no other thing
 Can prove so great a Cordial as the King :
 Nothing but He can cure 'm, for the Devil
 Had over-run the Land with the Kings Evil.
 Now he's Proclaim'd the Bells joyfully ring, (May
 The Bonfires blaze, all cry, *God save the King ;* (10.
 'Twill make all Ages study and admire on't,
 Him whom they call'd the Son of the late Tyrant,

Is now a God ; and no where can be had
 (To heal their Wounds) the Balm of *Gilead*,
 But in King *Charles* ; whole Troops of glitt'ring Men
 Contend by thousands who shall fetch him in :
 The City sends forth acclamations high,
 No Prayers are made but for his Majesty.
 Thus do they guard him to *Whitehall*, where we (May
 Will pray for him and his Posterity, (29.
 That when the worst of *State-Distempers* spring,
 We may be cur'd by praying for the King.

Another Speech at Goldsmiths-Hall to the General,
April, 9. 1660.

After a Song concluding with a Chorus of Amity.
Enter a Sea Captain, he divideth the Singers and speaketh.

L Et me make one too ; Are ye grown so stout
 To contrive Peace, and leave the Sea-man out ;
 Have you in these large bowls which Plenty gave ye
 Drank off the Ocean, and swallow'd the Navy ?
 You never think upon our Rocks and Shelves,
 So you may snudge in safety by your selves ;
 Are not you *Brittains* ? is not Navigation
 The onely guard, and glory of a Nation :
 Can ye have Treasure brought without a Fleet,
 What is it gilds *Cheap-side* and *Lumbard-street*,
 But our Sea Trade ? by our cutting the curl'd
 Ocean, ye hold Commerce with all the world ;
 Whence come your costly Carpetings and Works,
 That grace the Chambers of Triumphant Turks,

But from beyond Sea ? and wise men of trust
 Believe if we have peace agen, it must
 Come from beyond Sea, and d'ye go about
 To make a Peace and leave the Main Mast out.

But where's my Admiral ? Oh ! I have spy'd him,
 His merits are so clear, no Clouds can hide him;
 I must go droll with him though, what chear ! hey ?
 Up to the ears in Custard, here's a fray
 Compounded without blood-shed, these would be
 Good bits upon a March, *George*, or at Sea ;
 When in the fury of tempestuous Weather
 We and our meat are pickled up together :
 Here are pure Quarters, Plenty keeps her Spring
 In *London* , 'tis a City for a King.

I came just now ashore to speak with you,
 Directly up to *Goldsmiths-Hall*, I knew
 Where I should finde you out, you love to settle
 With honest hearts, and men of the best mettle ;
 They love *Saint George*, and yet do highly set
 A value on *Saint Dunston*, they'r well met,
 Both of them put the Devil in a dump,
 One had him by the nose, 'tother the Rump,
 And thereby hangs a tail : when I came hither,
 My business and my boldness mixt together
 Made me thrust in ; where crowd ye cry'd they all,
 Quoth I to speak with my Lord General,
 I'm one of his Sea Captains ; presently
 The Master, and the generous Company
 All bad me welcome, and did strongly woo
 Me to bid you so, and this Council too ;

In these or such like words they bade me say,
 The Sun's not welcomer to a dark day
 Then you are to this City; for you are
 Temp'rate in undertakings, stout in War,
 Prudent in Councils; quick when dangers call,
 Secret in great designs, honest in all;
 'Twould make the rudest Rebel quite renounce ill,
 To see but such a Souldier, such a Council,
 God prosper both, and may you never cease
 Till you have brought home the bright Princes peace,
 That long lost Lady, could we make a Crown
 As rich as that was worn by Solomon,
 Rather then we would lose her, or displease her
 (I mean fair Peace) we'd give that Crown to seize her.

*A Speech spoken to the General and Council, when he was
 feasted at Fishmongers-Hall.*

*After a Song of difference betwixt the Lawyer, the Souldier,
 the Citizen, and the Countrey-man: The Chorus being
 ended, Enter the Speaker habited properly for the Ghost
 of Massianello Fisherman of Naples.*

IS your Peace just? what Rock stands it upon?
 Conscience and Law make the best union;
 If you gain Birth-rights here by Blood and Slaughter;
 Though you sing now, you'll cry for ever after;
 Trust my experience one that can unfold
 The strangest truest tale that e're was told:
 In my degree, few men shall overtake me,
 I was as great as wickedness could make me:

P O E M S.

This heart, this habit, and this tongue to boot,
 Commanded forty thousand Horse and Foot:
 In three dayes time, my fortune grew so high,
 I could have match'd my Fisher's family
 With the best blood in Naples; right and wrong;
 And life and death attended on my tongue;
 Till by a quick verticity of fate,
 I finde too soon what I repent too late;
 And though a Rebel in a righteous cloathing,
 My glow-worm-glories glimmer'd into nothing:
 Thus fell that Fisherman that had no fellow,
 I am the wandring shade of *Maſſianello*;
 Who ſince I was in this perdition hurl'd,
 Am come to preach this Doctrine to the world.

Rebels, though back't with power and ſeeming reaſon,
 Time and ſucceſs ſhall feel the fate of Treason.
 But ſtay! what Picture's this hangs in my ſight?
 'Tis noble *Walworth* the King-ſaving Knight,
 That ſtab'd *Jack-Straw*; had *Walworth* liv'd within
 Theſe four Months, where had *Jack* the Cobler bin?
 'Twas a bold brave deed, an act in ſeaſon,
 Miſt he was on the top-branch of his Treason;
 But from that ſhadow dropping down my eye,
 I ſee a ſubſtance of like Loyalty.

If long renowned *Walworth* had the fate
 To ſave a King, you have to ſave a State.
 And who knows what by conſequence, the Knight
 By that brave deed, gain'd every man his right;
 And you by this, may give each Man his due,
 Not onely Truſty hearts, but Traytors too:

He

P O E M S.

09

He drew Blood, you did not, 'tis all one sence,
 There's but a *Straw's* breadth in the difference:
 He sav'd the Town from being burnt, and you
 Have rescu'd it from Fire and Plunder too:
 He was this *Companie's* good *Benefactor*,
 And you have been their *Liberty's* Protector;
 For which I heard them say they would engage
 Their States and Bloods, and Lives against all rage
 That should oppose your just Design; and that
 You are the welcom'st Guest ever came at
 This Table: they say all they can exhibit,
 Is not so much a Treatment as a Tribute.
 They call you the first step to *England's* Peace,
 The right fore-runner of our happiness.

And joyn'd with these great Councillors, you are

Our best preservatives in Peace and War.

You have a Loyal Heart, a lucky hand
 Elected for the Cure of this sick Land;
 Who (by Protectors and unjust Trustees)
 Hath been enslav'd, and brought upon her knees:
 We humbly pray this may be thought upon,
 Before the Kingdoms Treasure be quite gone,
 And hope you will (though envy look a quint)
 When all is fit, put a Just *STEW ARD* in't.

Chorus of ten Voices.

THen may your Fame out-live all story
 And prove a Monument of Glory,
 Kings and Queens (as Tribute due)
 On their knees shall pray for you,

Whilst

Whilst all true hearts confefs with Tongue and Pen
A Loyal Subject is the beſt of Men.

*A Speech Compoſed to Welcome to the Engliſh Shore, the
moſt Sacred and Inimitable Maſteſty of Charles the Se-
cond, perſonated by the Genius of England.*

Mirror of Maſteſty, bright Riſing Sun,
The virtues of all Kings compriz'd in one;
How ſhall I look on thee Great Lord of Light,
Lay by thy Beams, or fortifie my ſight;
Thou art ſo frequent at the Throne of Grace,
That Gods reflective Glory gilds thy Face:
Shall I make bare my Feet, as I am bound,
Or ſhall I kneel, for ſure 'tis Holy Ground?
I will do ſo, *England* behold and bluſh,
Here's the beſt Emblem of the burning Buſh:
I need not paraphraſe, but wiſh this Nation
May come to Uſe as well as Application.
Remember *Worceſter*, that eſcape may well
Match the demenſions of a Miracle;
Had I been Rebel of the worſt degree,
That very Fate would have converted me;
Who ſaw not that, ſaw nothing. — But I come
Dread Maſteſty to bid you welcome home,
So doth the Kingdom too, and all about ye;
For (in plain terms) we could not live without ye.
The Law and Goſpel too bad us good night,
All had been *wrong* if you had loſt your *right*.

Till *Lot* came out, great *Sodoms* lofty Towers
Could not take fire, this very case is ours.

The Land ere this had all in ashes bin
But that, as theirs went out. our *Lot* came in ;
Each individual person in this Nation,
May bid you welcome next to their salvation :
The very Schismaticks, and such as are
The manifest incendiaries of War
May bid you welcome ; for their Lives and Lands
Had else been ravish'd by each others hands :
You have a Kingdom here in order put,
So out of frame, *Chaos* was nothing to't ;
Your very presence doth at once dispence
Light, heat, life, growth, and God-like influence :
You gain'd commission from the King of Kings,
To bring us our Redemption in your Wings.

Therefore may all the Joyes that Kingdoms want,

All that good men can beg, or God can grant,
All kinds of happiness past and to come
From the Creation, till the day of Doom,
Fall on your Majesty ; may every thing
Contribute to the comforts of the King.
And when the beauties of a Royal Bride
Shall by your Sacred Arms be sanctifi'd ;
May the pure power of Union so inflame ye,
That married Pairs may prosper when they name ye.
And may your Princely Progeny out-vye
The Stars for Light and Multiplicity.
You are a man, Sir, after Gods own Heart.
May *Stuarts* Name, and *Englands* Crown ne're part ;

But

But may it prove our Comfort and our Cure,
 So long as either Sun or Moon endure ;
 May you have faithful Counsellours. and all
 As just as *George* your Loyal General :

May Peace Crown all, and if there ever sprung
 A Prophets Spirit in a Poet's Tongue,
 May mine hit right, and all my dayes I'll sing
 Upon no theme but this, *God and the King.*

A Prologue to the King.

Long live the King in your Celestial Eyes
 The vertue of our late Creation lyes ;
 Our Re-Creation, for on English Earth,
 You are to every thing a second birth :
 We must acknowledge Liberty nor Lands
 Could come more grateful then your Dread Commands,
 Did to our very souls ; but we are sorry
 We should this Night attend on so much glory,
 With such weak worth ; or your clear sight engage
 To view the remnants of a ruin'd Stage ;
 For doubting we should never play agen,
 We have play'd all our *Women* into *Men*,
 That are of such large size for flesh and bones,
 They'l rather be taken for *Amazons*
 Then tender Maids ; but your mercy doth please,
 Daily to pass by as great faults as these :
 If this be pardon'd we shall henceforth bring
 Better oblations to my Lord the King.

Epilogue to the King.

WE have all done, if we have giv'n distaste,
It were much better we had done our last;
But mighty Monarch, in your power it lies,
And onely yours to save or sacrifice:
What we do want in playing, it shall be
Supply'd in praying for your Majesty.

On a Picture of the Kings Escape in the Oake.

BEhold the King, to avoid danger's stroke
Confines his Royal Body in an Oake,
Which liv'd until his Fathers Lite was done,
Then dyed to prove a safety for the Son;
And to us all this well-try'd truth imparts,
Better trust hollow Trees then hollow Hearts.

On the King and Mistris Lane on Horseback.

BEhold a Lady who had once the honour
Of having a great King to wait upon her;
A Matchless Madam, Pieties restorer,
For in one man four Kingdoms rides before her;
The great Defender (as true Story saith)
Of him that is Defender of the Faith.

On the Picture of the King on Horseback in Parliament Robes.

BEhold King *Charles* the second doth present
In Royal Robes both King and Parliament ;
Which signifies, that in thought, word, and deed,
The King and Parliament are both agreed,
Whilst Traytors Heads are mounted on that Hall
Where *Charles* the first did finde his final fall
By an High Court of Justice, who consent
At once to ruine King and Parliament :
Long live the King, and God (in whom his trust is)
Preserve his life from such High Courts of Justice.

On Pictures of the King and Queen.

TWO of the brightest Stars that have been seen
Shine in this glorious King and vertuous Queen;
In whose fair souls all that is good and great
In *England*, (or in *Portugal*) are met ;
And may the Heirs of *Charles* and *Katharine* be
The stems of all succeeding Sovereignty.

On Pictures of the Duke and Dutchess of York.

BEhold *Yorks* Duke and Dutchess too, whose lives
Are patterns for good Husbands and chaste Wives,
Good nature and good nurture too in them
Make Love appear the greatest Diadem ;

May

May they all ne're more see (as sad beholders)
Religions head upon Rebellions shoulders.

A Prologue to the King, August 16. 1660.

SURE such a glory so serene, so bright,
Started from *Chaos* when God call'd for light,
For (like that glittering birth of Beams) you do
Transluminatè this Western world from you
Our Saint, our Soul, our Sovereign, our King,
We live and grow as the Sun broods the Spring:
Then (as in Loyalty oblig'd) 'tis fit
We render part of our small stock, our Wit
Which hath so long been cramp't under their rage
Who durst not see their actions on the stage,
That numb'd with a stupidity we fear
We shall assault the softness of your ear;
We have been so perplex't with Gun and Drum,
Look to your Hats and Cloaks, the Redcoats come.
D'Ambois is routed, *Hotspur* quits the Field,
Falstaff's out-filch'd, all in confusion yield;
Even Auditor and Actor, what before
Did make the *Red-Bull* laugh, now makes it roar:
We curse the misery in which our Trade is,
And are secur'd, but our magnifick Ladies
(Thinking to 'scape them) are torn by the Throats
And (like Wine Porters) put in Petty-coats,
Dragg'd to the *Muse* for Plotters; but your presence
Nullifies them, and gives us a new Essence,

Till

Till you came hither all was so forlorn
 We wish'd we had been buried, or unborn ;
 All things were retrograde, the night and day
 Were shrinking to *Prima Materia* :
 We liv'd in such a strange distorted age
 Men durst not see their Figures on the stage ;
 But furious as the deform'd Lady was,
 Who for revenge brake her own Looking-glass ;
 They crack'd our mirrour, and now none but you,
 Dread Majesty, can Mend or make us New.

*A Prologue to a Play call'd The Florentine Ladies, played
 in the Night by Gentlemen.*

YOu're welcome to our Ladies, and I know
 Most courteous Gallants, Ladies will please you ;
 Though at this hour, or midnight, else I'll swear
 Most of our Knights are lost with the last year :
 These creatures are of *Florence*, and not scorn
 To let you know they are *Italians* born ;
 Your Ladies, worthy Gentlemen, 'tis thought
 Love things that are far fetch't and dearly bought :
 Why should not they who of this opinion are
 Let you love Ladies that are come so far ;
 It is a question, and they may mistake
 Our Ladies to be Ladies of the Lake ;
 Which in our English broadness is a Whore,
 Then what are we, nay they that keep the door ;
 What are you too, my Masters ? something 'tis
 That make your Wives thus follow you to this.

with my new wit

A shrew'd suspicion when our wandering Knights
 Arrest strange Ladies, and so late at nights ;
 But there's no hurt, for if they please but you,
 We doubt not they'll content your Ladies too.
 Pray take't as 'tis, the best we can afford,
 If we do please, why so. *Hab nab's* the word.

The Epilogue, on New-Years-Day at Night.

With the New Year these Marriages begin, (in,
 Which will be broke e're the next year come
 Unless your hands do give us, all our pains
 In Love is lost, if you forbid the banes :
 But if you grant us Licence, and appear
 Each day to see us thorow the whole year ;
 Come to our Wedding, to requite your loves,
 Shew us your hands we'll fit you all with Gloves.

*A Prologue to a Play of mine, call'd, Love hath found
 his eyes ; or Distractions.*

I Know ye did expect me, but for what,
 To say we have a Play, the Bills shew that ;
 Why let's begin then, Sound — But some will say
 Are there no faults in th' Actors, or the Play
 To beg your patience for ? Yes faith, there's store,
 Yet all we crave is you'll not make 'em more.

A very just petition, and 'tis fit
 I think, we bear no more then we commit ;

C

Yet

Yet there are some, wise judges, that do seek
 To raise their laughter on what you dislike :
 The errors of the Actors, and they be
 The witty tribe of our own Quality ;
 Why let them laugh, they paid for't, why should we
 Deprive a man of that felicity,
 That cannot help nor hurt us ; and I pray
 How e're it prove, don't call't a *Pretty Play* :
 Let it be good or bad, that slight word pritty
 Shews the Play naught, and the depraver witty.
 The language is but low, and the invention
 No higher then a common apprehension,
 And (in a word) the Authours wish is such
 You'l not despair, nor yet expect too much.

The Epilogue spoken by Cupid.

I Hope these mutual Marriages express
 My opticks are restor'd for each distress
 The Lovers once suppos'd they had by me,
 I have converted to a Jubilee.
 All's happy but my self, for I poor I
 That figure an eternal Deity,
 Must quit my glorious supremacy
 To stand the censure of mortality :
 Be curteous to a God, then whose high laws
 Commands all hearts, yet now must beg applause ;
 For if you censure me like rig'rous men,
 You spoil the plot and strike me blinde agen :

All

All our distractions now are out of date,
 I would they were so too in Church and State,
 That *Englands* King and People were at rest
 Without confounding eithers interest;
 That jealousies and fears may never more
 Let loyal hearts lie weltring in their gore;
 That so the God of Love may often view
 This Island and present himself to you:

*A Speech by the way of Epilogue to those that would rise
 out of the Pit at the Red-Bull in the last Scene, and
 disturb the Conclusion, by going on the Stage,
 June 23. 1660.*

PRAY keep your places Gentlemen, don't rise,
 Stay and take t'other Glais, as *Peters* cryes,
 'Tis the Catastrophe crowns all the sport,
 I warrant if you had places at Court
 You would not part with them so soon, pray stay
 Till Grace be said, and we have took away;
 You wrong your Ladies in the nick of pleasure,
 They would see't out, women love *London* measure:
 Pray keep your seats, let us be your advisers,
 You see (of late) what comes of early Risers;
 But if your fancy to this custom tends,
 Henceforth we'l study Playes that have no ends.

*A Prologue to the Comedy call'd The Tamer tamed,
June 24. 1660.*

Enter reading of the Bill.

THe Tamer Tam'd, what do the Players mean?
Shall we have Rump and Rebel in the Scene?
Junco's of Safety with the righteous rabble
Of Apron-Peers, Knights of Sir Arthur's Table?
Shall Baxter, Hewson, Scot, and Fox be nam'd?
These were our Tamers, but I hope they'r tam'd;
For those were men, who (in their holy rage)
Did things too horrid for a civil Stage,
Unless our company should all comply
To leave good language and speak Blasphemy.

This Play, the Tamer tam'd, is *Fletcher's* wit,
A man that pleas'd all pallats, therefore sit
And see the last Scene out; pray do not run
Into confusion, till the Play be done:
Should strangers see you mix among us thus,
They would be apt to think you some of *Us*.
Pray keep your seats, you do not sit in fear
As in the dangerous dayes of *Oliver*;
It is not now (in good time be it spoke)
Enter the Red-Coats, Exit Hat and Cloak.
But such a prosp'rous change doth now attend ye,
That those who did affront ye, shall defend ye.

The Epilogue, spoken by the Tamer, a Woman.

VVith licence of my Husband, I apply
My self to this honour'd society,

I fear I have offended the good Laws
 Of household government, and given cause
 By my example (in this wilde assay)
 For some to put in practice what we play;
 And 'cause the *Breeches* now come near the make
 Of *Petty-Coats*, may willingly mistake:
 These are old quarrels, and no doubt came in
 When *Adam* digg'd and *Madam Eve* did spin.
 They'r ne're the honefter for that, the crime
 Of bold Rebellion is older then Time.
 The breach of trust is old, the breach of Laws,
 Murther of Kings, witness the good Old Cause.
 But we exhibit to your Approbation,
 Not the *Rebellion* but the *Reformation*.

*A Prologue to introduce the first Woman that came to Act
 on the Stage in the Tragedy, call'd The Moor of
 Venice.*

I Come, unknown to any of the rest
 To tell you news, I saw the Lady drest;
 The Woman playes to day, mistake me not,
 No Man in Gown, or Page in *Petty-Coat*;
 A Woman to my knowledge, yet I can't
 (If I should dye) make *Affidavit* on't.
 Do you not twitter Gentlemen? I know
 You will be censuring, do't fairly though;
 'Tis possible a vertuous woman may
 Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;

Play on the Stage, where all eyes are upon her,
 Shall we count that a crime *France* calls an honour : 2
 In other Kingdoms Husbands safely trust 'um,
 The difference lies onely in the custom ;
 And let it be our custom I advise,
 I'm sure this Custom's better then th' Excise,
 And may procure us custom, hearts of flint
 Will melt in passion when a woman's in't.

But Gentlemen you that as judges sit
 In the Star-Chamber of the house the Pit ;
 Have modest thoughts of her, pray do not run
 To give her visits when the Play is done,
 With dam me, your most humble Servant Lady,
 She knows these things as well as you it may be :
 Not a bit there dear Gallants, she doth know
 Her own deserts, and your temptations too.

But to the point, in this reforming age
 We have intents to civilize the Stage.
 Our women are defective, and so siz'd
 You'd think they were some of the Guard disguiz'd ;
 For (to speak truth) men act, that are between
 Forty and fifty, Wenches of fifteen ;
 With bone so large, and nerve so incomplicant,
 When you call *Desdemona*, enter Giant ;
 We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
 Lascivious, scurrilous, impious or obscene ;
 And when we've put all things in this fair way
Barebones himself may come to see a Play.

Epilogue.

ANd how d'ye like her, come what is't ye drive at,
 She's the same thing in publick as in private ;
 As far from being what you call a Whore,
 As *Desdemona* injur'd by the Moor ?
 Then he that censures her in such a case
 Hath a soul blacker then *Othello's* face :
 But Ladies what think you, for if you tax
 Her freedom with dishonour to your Sex,
 She means to act no more, and this shall be
 No other Play but her own Tragedy ;
 She will submit to none but your commands,
 And take Commission onely from your hands.

A Prologue to the Poor mans Comfort.

Enter reading the Title, May 28. 1661.

THe *Poor man's comfort*, this Title some will say
 Is fitter for a *Pray'r-book* then a *Play* ;
 And some may censure who are *Democraticks*,
 The times will change, Players are turn'd *Phanaticks*;
 And the *Red Bull* where sports were wont to be,
 Is now a Meeting-house, would 'twere for me
 A good full Meeting-house, we should not be
 Contrivers of a new *Fifth-Monarchy*,
 And charge up for King *Judas* : no, the very
 Plain truth is this, we meet but to be merry ;

Then do you judge what pitty 'tis that we
 Should every day want merry company?
 Surely the fault is ours, or yours, or both,
 Let us consider where it lyes: in troth
 You will appear most guilty I'm afraid,
 'Tis a full house that makes a *Play* well play'd:
 A numerous presence doth at once inspire
 Actor and Auditor with mutual fire:
 Therefore pray meet, come as you do to tother,
 If not for us, yet to meet one another.

But let me see? what was I going to say?

O! 'tis about the Title of the Play.

The great man's Comfort is above my thought,
The Merchant's Comfort is a Ship full fraught,
The Plow man's Comfort is a Field well till'd,
Our Poor man's Comfort is a House well fill'd.

March 16. 1661.

An Advent to the Kings Coronation.

LEt all your hearts be fill'd with joy,
 King *Charles* his *Coronation* Day
 Is coming on, let every thing
 That fears God and Honours the King,
 Advance their spirits, and expresse
 A Royal loyal Thankfulness:

That man that was by dangers tost
 From place to place, and almost lost.
 He that did 'scape an Armies stroke,
 And made a Kingdom of an Oak,

The

The Royal ORPHANT that was fed
 With sorrow, and with borrow'd bread :
 He whom his Subjects would confound
 And crucifie, shall now be Crown'd.
 Then let all souls for such salvation.
 Cry up King *Charles* his Coronation.

On the Day.

THe happy day (long wish'd by some)
 By God's appointment, now is come,
 In which our joyful eyes shall see
 King *Charles* adorn'd with Majesty,
 And He who liv'd a life like *Job*
 Shall now with Crown, Scepter, and Globe,
 With peaceful seed ascend his Throne,
 And every man shall have his own :
 The *Junco*, *Oliver*, and *Rump*
 That turn'd up all the *Knives* for *Trump*,
 Are totally dissolv'd, and we
 Are Subjects to true Majesty.
 Then let us all with one consent
 Pray for the good *Old Government*,
 Under whose power we may encrease
 In Truth and Treasure, Ease and Peace ;
 And Children yet unborn shall live to say,
 This was the happy Coronation Day.

After the Coronation.

THe joyful dayes are come, and we
 Obtain our ancient Liberty,
 Religion rules, Rebellion rots,
 We sleep securely without plots;
 Our Lives are safe, our Laws are free,
White-Hall's a Court of Equity.
 We are secur'd from Tyrants Swords,
 Malignant, and such Canting words
 Are out of date, *Phanatick* broods
 That preach't away your Lands and Goods,
 Are put to silence, and we fear
 No forgeries at *Westminster*.
 Would you know how all this comes round,
 Take't in four words, *King Charles is Crown'd*;
 Since it is so, let every thing
 Praise God, and say, *Long live the King.*

*A Letany delivered, Jan. 1. 1659. to a Friend as
 a New-Years Gift.*

From All, and more then I have written here,
 I wish protection to you this New Year.

FRo'm those who for self-ends would All betray,
 From those new *Saints* that pistol when they pray;
 From flattering features with infernal souls,
 From Retormation, such as pull'd down *Pauls*;
From

From Church-land purchasers, from Town betrayers,
 From Weaving Preachers, and *Extemp're Prayers* ;
 From blood, and something else that I could tell ye on,
 From Pulpit blasphemy and bold Rebellion ;
 From new false Teachers which betray the old,
 From those that turn the Gospel into Gold :
 From that black Pack where Clubs are always trump,
 From bodies Politick, and from the *Rump* ;
 From those that ruine where they should repair,
 From those that cut off heads instead of hair ;
 From twelve moneths Taxes and abortive Votes,
 From chargeable Nurse children in Red Coats ;
 From such as sell their souls to save their Sums,
 From City Charters that make heads for Drums ;
 From City *Saints* whose Annagram is *Stains*,
 From plots, and being choak'd with our own chains ;
 From zeal that wants both Piety and Knowledge,
 From the hot Disputants in *Gresham Colledge* ;
 From Coblers which ascend to Council Tables,
 From dens of thieves, from Churches turn'd to Stables ;
 From these and ten times more like to ensue,
 We humbly pray, *Good Lord deliver you.*

On a view of the Rebels Arms.

CROSSes are crucify'd, the *Organ* which
 In bright Cathedrals soar'd a lofty pitch,
 Are now Demolish'd by such men (strange Riddle)
 Who in the room set up the Cross and Fiddle.

On

On Independency.

AN Independent is a Maggot bred
In fly-blown brains of Presbyterian head

*On the Act against Cock-matches, the next succeeding,
their putting down of Church-Marriages.*

WHen Wedlock was pull'd down by powerful
hand,
We might well guess Cock-matches would not
not stand.

On the Jesuite and Puritan.

THe Jesuite and Puritan prevail
In spoil, like *Sampson's* Foxes tail to tail.

Another.

THe Jesuite and Puritan are two,
Who under the best names most mischief do:

Repre-



Representations in Parts to be
Habited, Sung, and Acted,
as they have been often times
with great applause performed
before the Lord Major and
the Sheriffs of *London*.

*An Eclogue, or Representation in four Parts, composed
for the Lord Major, Sir Tho. Allen, and Sung
by the City Musick, Decemb. 18th. 1659.*

The Presenters,

Love, Plenty, Truth, and Courage.

Love. **M**Y honour'd Lord and Lady,
May that great hand that made ye
Supply this cheer
From year to year,
And may no strength degrade ye.

Truth. 1

Truth. I am a bold intruder,
Which makes me seem the ruder;
But the City is
Much us'd to this
Since civil War subdu'd her.

Plenty. We are no Lance-prefadoes,
No Basket-hilt Bravadoes;
When you know our Names
You'll love our fames,
We deal not in Granadoes.

Love. We come not to invade ye,
Or subt'ly to perswade ye;

Truth. I am *Truth* (in a word)

Plenty. I am *Plenty*, my Lord,

Love. And I am *Love* my Lady.

Chorus.

1. Let Buff-coat and Feather
 2. Go drumming together :
- All.* We fear not the force of Invasion.
3. The Voice and the Lute
 1. Makes a better dispute,
- All.* Love hath the best art of perswasion.

Plenty. But stay, methinks our Melody is dull,
We want a voice to fill the *Chorus* full. (wonder,
Love. *Truth*, where is *Peace*, (*Truth*) her absence is no
For *Peace* and *Truth* have been long time asunder :
Where

P O E M S.

31

Where is she gone? we'll hawl her in with Cables.

Love. Peace seldom goes where Churches are made
Stables.

Truth. Peace never comes amongst those sad disasters,
Into that Land where Servants beat their Masters:

Plenty. Peace seldom into such confusion comes
Where City Charters are made heads for Drums.

(dye for,
Love. Peace loves good men, that profess what they'll
Not such as make Covenants stand for a Cipher.

(against Brother,
Truth. Peace ne're comes where Brother doth fight
Nor where Protestations drive out one another.

(true friends,
Plenty. Peace knows that the Sword men will ne're be
For Collonels like Coblers are awl for their ends;
She never appears, (though she very much pitty)
Where a bunch of Bandoieers are the keyes of a City.

Love. When wisdom's wanting,

Truth. And zeal is canting,

Plenty. Then rage is ranting,

All. And Peace lyes panting.

Chorus together.

Then blame not the words of our Tongue or our Pen,
We shall ne're hold our peace till we get her agen:
For *Love*, *Truth*, and *Plenty* must quickly decay,
As experience will tell us when *Peace* is away:

Love. But now *Peace* is gone

And hath left us alone,

What other foundation can we build upon

Truth. Let

Truth. Let courage come rule.

Plen. I fear he's too cool.

(fool,

Love. If he leave *Love* and *Plenty*, and *Truth*, hee's a

Truth. Can fury out-brave him ?

'Tis *Truth* that must save him ;

Go call him : (*Plen.*) I can not, the *Prentices* have him.

Love. Go tell him our need,

Our *Liberties* bleed,

(*speed.*

And say that my Lord doth command him with

Plen. At that word he comes.

Enter Courage.

Courage. Boyes beat up your drums,

Are *Sword-men* abroad, and we picking of crums ?

Have we the bold *Valour*, the *Wealth*, and the *Wit*,

And shall we be shallowly cheated of it ?

Truth, Plenty, and Love, you all are well met,

In honest Causes ye ne're ventur'd yet ;

We serve a brave Master, who for publick good

Will hazard his Fortune, his Fame, and his Blood :

Let *Love, Truth, and Courage*, and *Plenty* endeavour

To wait on his person, and serve him for ever.

Then let every voice like a well skill'd Musician

Discover the progress of *Pride* and *Ambition*.

Courage.

The basest condition

Is *Pride* and *Ambition*,

It rifles and stifles

True *Love* and *Allegiance*.

'Tis never contented

Till Time hath consented

To

To take off and shake off
The bonds of *Obedience*,

Truth.

It was a shrew'd weed in
The Garden of *Eden*

It drew out and threw out
Poor *Eve* and her *Adam*.

'Twas one of the strange ills
That cast down the Angels
So steep and so deep
That no measure can fathom.

Plenty.

It is but a sad sort of sinning
And ends with a terrible taste,
It shews like a Saint in beginning,
But looks like a Devil at last.

Love.

Ambition strikes every thing dumb
That dams up the way of her hope,
It often doth aim at a Kingdom,
And frequently ends in a Rope.

Chorus.

(*asters,*

All. Then since bold ambition doth work such dis-
Why should we be Monsters in hope to be Masters;
That City shall hold out in spight of all weather,
Where *Conscience* and *Courage* are coupled together.



The Cheaters Cheated.

A Representation in four parts to be Sung, Nim. Filcher, Wat, and Moll, made for the Sheriffs of London.

Enter Nim. a Cheat at one door, and Filcher his fellow at the other.

Nim. **G**OOD morrow fellow *Filcher*,
What, do we sink or swim?
Thou look'st so like a *Pilcher*?

Filch. Good morrow fellow *Nim*,
The Devil's in our destiny,
I cannot get a pluck.

Nim. No, surely if the Devil were in't
We should have better luck.

2.

Fil. What Star is my director,
I am in such a state?

Nim. Nay, prethe brother *Hector*
Do not fall out with Fate;
For we are fortunes Minions,
And fight under her banner,
'Tis she is Queen of all the world.

Fil. A mischief light upon her.

3.

No money is reveal'd yet,
I wonder where it lingers ?

Nim. The Souldier hath conceal'd it,

'Tis fast in iron fingers ;
From whence if we could get it
By fury or by fraud :

We had as good attempt to pick
The Pocket of a *Baud*,

4.

Filch. Your roaring *Cavalier*

Who when he had the Chink,
Would bravely domineer

In diceing, drabs and drink :

Go ask him now for money

And he hath none at all,

Bur cries 'tis in my Compting-house

In *Haberdashers-Hall*.

5.

Nim. Our sly Trappanning trade

Maintain'd with so much fury,

Is openly bewray'd

Both by the Judge and Jury ;

For Lawyers have so many quirks,

And are such curious skanners,

That they grow cunninger then we,

And do trappan Trappanners.

6.

Fil. Our dyceing Trade is down too,

For when we do begin

By drilling wayes to draw
 A yonger Brother in
 The Souldier falls upon us
 And proves the best Projector.
Nim. Faith every Red-coat now can make
 A puppy of a Hector.

7.

Enter Wat, a West Countrey-man.

Fil. Stay prethe who comes here,
Nim. A gaping Countrey Clown.
Fil. Look how the slave doth stare ;
Nim. He's newly come to town.
Filch. He gazeth in the air as if
 The sky were full of Rockets ;
 Let's fleece him. (*Nim.*) But how shall we get
 His hands out of his pockets ?

8.

Fil. Let me alone for that : I lately bought a glass,
 Wherein all several colours may
 Be seen that ever was,
 If held up thus with both hands.
Nim. A pretty new design,
 This trick will fetch his fingers out ;
Filch. And hey then in go mine.

9.

Tune changeth.

Wat. Our Taunton den is a dungeon,
 And yvaith cham glad cham here,
 This vamous zitty of Lungeon
 Is worth all Zomerzet-zhere :

In

In Wagons, in Carts, and in Coaches
 Che never did yet zee more horse,
 The Wenches do zhine like Roches,
 And as proud as my fathers vore horse.

10.

Che never zince che was able
 To keep my vathers voulds,
 Did ever zee such a stable
 As thick a thing called *Powls* :
 A Mezle in a red Jacket
 Had like to have knack me down,
 Because che'd undertake it
 Held all the beaft in the Town

11.

Ch'am come to zee my Lord Major,
 And thick as do hang the Thieves,
 Ch've forgot what vine neames they are ;
 (A meazle on them) the zhreeves,
 They zay they wear Chains and Scarlets,
 And vollow'd by many Guardians,
 Ch'ave loft the neams of the Varlets,
 A mischief on them, the Serjeants.

12.

And now chill walk my stations
 To every place in Town,
 Che mean to buy new vashons,
 Iche have above fifty pound ;
 Che took't away from vather
 When he was gon a yield :

D 3

Cham

Cham come away the rather
 'Cause ch'ave got a wench with childe.

13.

<i>Filch.</i> The Rainbow never knew	<i>Tune change.</i>
Such Colours as are here,	<i>Filcher and</i>
<i>Nim.</i> Here's Purple, Green and Blew.	<i>Nim. looking</i>
<i>Wat.</i> Zooks what have they got there.	<i>in the glasse</i>
Good morrow Master, what d'ye cal't,	
<i>Filch.</i> Good morrow good man clot.	
<i>Wat.</i> 'Nay vaith vine Gallant there y'are out	
My Neame is honest <i>Wat.</i>	

14.

Fil. I'll shew thee such a slight that
 Thou ne're saw'st honest *Wat.*
 Neither by day nor night yet.
Wat. Y'vaith ch'ud laugh at that.
Fil. Here take this glasse into thy hand
 And hold it to thy eyes,
 Thou there wilt see more colours than
 A Dyar can devise.

15.

<i>Wat.</i> I cannot zee a colour yet,	
<i>Nim.</i> Thou dost not hold it high,	
<i>Wat.</i> Che hav't, che ha't, ch'av got it now,	
<i>Nim.</i> I saith and so have I.	(green, <i>Picks his</i>
<i>Wat.</i> Here's black, and blew, and gray, and	<i>Pocket.</i>
And orange-tauny, white;	
And now Ich ave lost all agen.	<i>Filch. picks</i>
<i>Fil.</i> In troth y'are in the right,	<i>tother Pocket.</i>

16. Now

16.

Now prethe tell me honest *Wat*,

How do'st thou like my glafs

Wat. It is the vitteft veat yvaith

That e're was brought to pafs

And if that thou wilt spare it

Chill give thee money down.

Fil. I will have nothing for it

Chill give thee half a Crown.

*feels in's
pocket.*

17.

Yvaith chaim very willing.

Nim. You shall not do it now,

To give thee your zhilling,

Filch. 'Tis more then you can do.*Aside.**Nim*. Farewel good *Wat*, thou shalt not pay,

Good morrow Gentlemen;

Wat. Chill get me gone vor veare that they

Zhould get my glafs agen.

Exit Wat.

18.

*Tune change.**Fil*. Quick let us share

For fear of apprehension.

Nim. *Gusman* could ne're

Compare with this invention.

Fil. That rustick Clown

Hath brought a happy harvest.

Nim. Lay your Money down.*Fil*. My purse is at your service

Crown for Crown.

D 4

19. *Nim.*

19.

Nim. Open the Purse,
Our Ship of Fortune sail's in't.

Open it.

Fil. Oh heavy curse
It hath nothing but nails in't.

Nim. Ne're men till now
Were gull'd by such a Costard ;

Fil. If we meet I vow
Wee'l bang the bacon bastard
black and blew.

20.

*Open the
other.*

Unlock that font
Let's enter by degrees in't.

Nim. A pox upon't,
There's nought but bread and cheefe in't.

Fil. Come let's depart
And drink a Saxon Rumkin.

Nim. I am vext at heart,
But if I spare the *Bomkin*,
Hang me for't.

*Exeunt.**Enter Mol Medlar Sola, with a Basket.**Tune changeth.*

Souldiers fight and Hectors rant on
Whilst poor Wenches go to rack,
Who would be a wicked wanton
Onely for Suppers, Songs, and Sack,
To endure the alteration
Of these times that are so dead ;

Thus

Thus to lead a long vacation
Without Money, Beer, or Bread.

22.

Farewel *Bloomsberry* and *Sodom*,
Lukeners-lane and *Turnbull-street*,
Woe was me when first I trod 'em
With my wilde unwary feet.
I was bred a Gentlewoman,
But our family did fall
When the Gentry's coin grew common,
And the Souldiers shar'd it all.

23.

I was sure unto a Hektor
Who hath basely broke his vow,
Would I had a good projector
That would well support me now.
Who comes here? what simple Thumkin, Ent. Wat.
Oh! I guess him by his coat,
'Tis is sure some Countrey Bumkin,
Now 'tis time to change my note.

24.

I can dance, and I can sing
I am good at either,
And I can do the tother thing
When we get together.

*Tune chang-
eth, she sing-
eth and dan-
ceth.*

25.

I have lately lost my dear,
'Twas a holy Brother;
If he do not meet me here
I faith I'll get another.

26. I

26.

I can nimbly come above,
 I can tumble under,
 And If I do but like my *Love*,
Wat. What *Vary's* that is yonder ?

27.

'Tis a dainty dancing Girle,
 Zhee would make me gladder,
 Her vace doth zyne like mother of Pearl,
 chould chuse no more and chad her.

28.

Mol. A Dutch-man loves his Pipe and Can,
 A Jew doth like a Turk well,
 But I could hug a *Countrey-Man*,
 For he will do his work well.

29.

Citizens are full of slight,
 They will cog and flatter ;
 But a *Countrey-man* will do me right.
Wat. Che long now to be at her.

30.

Good morrow Mistris Trip and goe,
Mol. My *Countrey-man* I take it,
 I love you Sir, (*Wat.*) Chill love thee to,
 And vayth chil veze thy Jacket.

31.

Mol. What's thy name, come tell me that
 Thou shalt be my Jewel ?
Wat. Why zom vorzooth do call me *Wat*,
 But my neame is *Water-Gruel*.

32.

Prethe zay, and ben't avrayd,
Art not thou a Pedlar?

Mol. I live close by in Tickle Yard,
My name is *Mary Medlar.*

33.

Wat. Then zweet *Mol* come busf thy *Wat*,
Let us twain be merry:

Mol. I could nimbly dance, but that
My Basket makes we weary.

Wat. Give it me, chill dance a Spring,
Che have no veaver Lurden?

Mol. If thou wilt dance, then I will sing,
And thou shalt bear the Burden.

*He takes
her Bas-
ket.*

35.

Wat. A match, a match, it's well a vine,
We both zhall make some ztuff on't.

Mol. Unless thy feet keep pace with mine
Thoul't quickly have ynough on't.

*Both dance
to their
own sing-
ing.*

36.

Wat. Well don *Moll*, (*Moll*) 'tis well done *Wat*,
Wat. Chill do it to a tittle,

Mol. But I have too much strain'd my throat,
I prethe sing a little,

*She doth
dance off.*

37.

Wat. Fa la la la liera lo

This is pretty prancing,
We will go to Tickle Yard
When we have done dancing.

38. Now

38.

Now che think ch'av vetcht it up
 Zing a little *Mary*,
 We will gulge a merry zup,
 Zhuggar and *Canary*.

39.

Thou dost dance and make no noise
 Zhall I turn and kifs thee ?
 Prethe let me hear thy voice.
 Hoop where the Devil is she ?

*Turns about
 and misseth
 her.*

40.

Zhe hath left me all alone
 Here to mum and mask it,
 But yvaith if zhe be gon
 Ich chill keep her *Basket*.

41.

Here's good vortune come to me
 In a merry minuit,
 Now chill puttne down and zee
 What zhee have gotten in it.

42.

Oh ! wo, wo, what zhall chee do,
 Che con no know which way to go
 With thick whore here and her vyne zong,
 Che have a bore her burden too long ;
 Che may curse the occasion that e're che came here,
 Would che were agen in *Zomerzet-zhere*.

*Tune changeth, he
 sets down the Bas-
 ket and looks in it.*

43.

O ! Lungeon Ich cham undone
 Ch'ave a brungeon a daughter or a zon,

*Pulls a Childe
 out of the
 Basket.*

Thick

Thick a jewel hath me beguil'd,
Water Gruel must now veed the childe,
 Ich chud never be zorry, but vind it a place
 If che had now but good store of Larzhant;
 It looks Tory rory, and zmells zo of Mace,
 That a zure it was got by zome zarzhant. *Hushes it,*

44.

carries it

Goodman zhreeve ze, look on the vace *to the men,*
 Vor a believe me it may be your own case, *then to the*
 Honest vree men Ich cham basely begeld, *women.*

Good a woman hold but the cheld,
 Chil but step here hard by, 'tis but home to Taunden,
 And chill bring ye zom gold in a Casket,
 Thick all are hard hearted both women and men,
 Che must march with my youth in a Basket, *Puts it in*

agen to the

45.

*Basket**and Exit.**Enter Filcher and Nim.**Tune change.*

Fil. We shall ne're have lucky minuit,

None of our designs will hit;

Nim. Some ill Planet sure is in it,

Fortune makes a fool of wit:

All our feats

Are simple cheats,

And destiny will have it so.

Fil. There's nothing hits

But with those wits

That cheat *Cum Privilegio.*

The

Nim. The holy drum
 And godly gun
 Are now the onely Engines that
 Make Pimp and Whore
 And Hector poor,
 And wise men do they know not what.

46.

Fil. All our joyful dayes do leave us,

Nim. Never were such times as these,

Fil. Every Bumkin can deceive us (cheefe.

Nim. With hob-nails (*Fil.*) and with bread and

Nil. Though we mist it

He confest it

That he brought up fifty pound,

Nim. Where he did it

How he hid it

Is the plot that may be found.

Filch. If we meet him

We will fit him.

Nim. Hark I here one coming in

Very pleasant

They retreat to

'Tis the Peasant

several corners.

Filch. Now let's to our guards agen.

Tune changeth.

Enter Wat with a little Trunck on a stick banging at his back.

47.

Now farawel Lungeon Iche may zing,
 Chill no more here until the next spring,

Chave

Chave put in security vor the thing,
Which no body can deny.

48.

Che did a veat in Zometzet-Zhere
Which vorst me at virst to zee vashons here,
Ich cham out of the vrying pan into the vere,
Che either must burn or vrye.

49.

In plush and in zatten a vynely wrought,
Ich have laid out forty pound every groat.
Fil. I want a silk Wastcoat, (*Nim.*) I lack a plush Coat,
Wat. Ch' have puttne all in the Trunk.

50.

Here's zilk and gold, and zilver strings, } *Fil. comes a-*
Here's Gloves, silk Hozen, Points, and Rings. } *lone to Wat.*
Fil. Stand (*Wat.*) what are you (*Fil.*) Lay down your
things.

Why zure the Meazle is drunk.

51.

What would ye do to a poor Countrey man,
Nim. First lay down your Trunk, you shall know
more anon :

Wat. And a very vine way to have my Trunk gone :
Filch. Do so or I'll knock thee down.

52.

(it man

Wat. Nay vaith good man Gentle since ch' have zeen
Chill lay it down there, and if che can win it
Thou zhalt have my Trunk and all that is in it :
'Twill cost above vorty pound.

53. *Fil.*

53.

Fil. I'll have as much blood as thy heart
can afford. *Filch. draws*
and fights.

Wat. Thou cowardly knave, wilt thou vight with a
zword;

But since 'tis but one, Ich che care not a Twoord,
And what do you think of another. *Nim. draws.*

54.

Nim. This Rapier I thorow thy body will run,

Wat. Ud zooks there's no vighting with two *Exit.*
agen one, *Wat.*

Ich che rather will trust to my legs and be gon.

Fil. Why now gramercy brother.

55.

Nim. The rascal already is run out of fight,

Fil. His hands are vile heavy. (*Nim.*) His legs are as
light,

The Plush for a Jacket, I claim as my right,

Fil. Which really I deny.

For was it not I that prov'd the Projector. (*teſtor,*

Nim. But if this good sword had not been your Pro-

The clown would have made you a pittiful Hector,

And beaten you. (*Fil.*) Sirra ye lye.

57.

My force hath been try'd againſt Caſtles and Towers,

The prize as it lies is equally ours,

Let victory make it out mine or yours,

Nim. I grant it with all my heart.

They fight,
Enter Moll.

58. What

58.

Mol. What mad men are these ! pray what do you mean,

I never did see such a sorrowful scene ;

Nay sweet *Mr. Filcher* (*Fi.*) stand further ye *Quean*;

I'll make the proud Rascal smart.

59.

(out ?

Mol. You alwayes were friends, what makes ye fall

Pray tell me true, what is the quarrel about ;

Nim. This duel will suddenly end all the doubt :

Mol. I'll suffer between your swords. *They make passes.*

60.

Moll is

E're such a kind couple of *Hectors* as yee *between*

Shall squabble and quarrel for *Paddington-tree*.

Jack Filcher, Tom Nim, be counsel'd by me,

Deliver your Cause in words,

61.

You know that the Law against Duels is high :

Nim. That *Rodomontado* there gave me the lye,

Mol. Pray do but consider that *Tyburn* is nigh ;

Nim. That very word cools my wrath.

62.

For my own part I onely would live by my Trade,

Fil. The Bargain betwixt us must end by the blade ;

Mol. Pray let me but know the conditions ye made,

I'll judge it between ye both.

63.

Fil. Ile tell you then how the quarrel did rise,

This fellow and I have took a rich prize ;

E

Nim.

Nim. And now he denies me my share in't. (*Fil.*) he lies,
We agreed that the sword should decide it.

64

This Trunk is well furnished as e're it can hold,
With silk and with velvet, with silver and gold.

Mol. Turn't all into money, and when it is sold,
You equally may divide it.

65.

But first what assurance have you when you win it,
'Tis worth all this danger (*Nim.*) We yet have not seen
Why then let us open't and see what is in it,
That ev'ry thing may be shown.

66.

Nim. A match, let her break the Trunk open and see.

Mol. It may be by this means you'll sooner agree.

Fil. Faith open't or shut it 'tis all one to me,

I vow I'll have all or none.

(*Mol opens*

67.

The trunk.

Mol. Then look on your bargain, you both are be-
guil'd,

Mol takes

Pray tell me if this be the velvet three pil'd,

out the

Is this figur'd fatten? (*Nim.*) I vow 'tis a child.

childe.

You swore you'd have all or none.

68.

Fil. I'll stand to my bargain, for I will have none.

Nim. What? can you so suddenly alter your tone.

Mol. Come kiss it and love it, for faith 'tis your own.

Remember when we were alone.

69.

For this pretty Babe I have shed many showers,

And

And suffer'd a thousand disconsolate hours,
As sure as 'tis mine, I'm certain its yours;
I never knew Man but you.

70.

Fil. These Projects to me are Riddles and Charms;
How came the child hither? (*Mol.*) For fear of worse
harms,
I left it even now in a Countreymans's arms,
A fellow that I never knew.

71.

'Twas left to be lost though the plot would not hit,
I never could see you to tell you of it,
A Countrey-man brought it. (*Fil.*) A pox of his wit;
I would I were rid of my life.

72.

Mol. Before I knew *Filcher*, I was a pure Maid,
Pray do but Remember the Contract we made;
You said you would wed me, and live by your trade:
Fil. I'll presently make thee My Wife.

73.

Mol. For all the worlds wealth I will ne're be a whore.

Fil. I'll purchase new Credit upon an old score.

Nim. He deal in these damnable courses no more.

All. We every one will mend.

74.

Fil. I never will quarrel, or swagger and roar,

Nim. Then make the poor *Simpletons* pay all the score.

Mol. I never will do as I have done before.

All. We every one will mend.

Exeunt

Enter

Enter Wat Solus.

75.

Tune change.

Ch' have overcome my voes,
And *Watty* now is vree ;
It is no zin to couzen those,
That would have cheated me :

76.

Had che but met with one,
Che had not been o'remaster'd ;
Ich che wonder what they thought upon,
when they did vind the Bastard.

77.

Did ever vellow vinde
Zuch zimple zots as these,
To leave my fifty pounds behinde,
And steal my Bread and Cheese :

78.

Theise zitty theeves are fool'd,
That meant to do me hurt,
The Meazles could not vind my gold,
che knittne in my zhurt ;

79.

Ich che cannot chuse but zmile,
That men who can talk lattin,
Zhould be zuch fools to take a Child
Vor velvet, zilk, and zatten : —

80.

But Pride will have a vall,
The Proverb zaith as much ;

Now

Now how do you my Measters all,
Ich cham com to laugh a touch.

81.

God blefs my Lady Zhreeve,
And all that noble pack;
Ch'am almost dead with grief,
Che want a cup a zack.

82.

God zave my measter too,
And zend him to live long;
Vayth now ch'a nothing else to do,
Chill zing a merry zong.

A Song on the twelve Companies.

83.

THe other day among many papers,
Che vown'd a vine zong of the Merchants and
Drapers. (ners,
The Grocers, the Goldsmiths, the Taylors and Skin-
And many zuch vinical zinner.

1 *Mercers.* 84.

The *Mercer* virst a vine dapper blade is,
He zells yee zoft zattin, and very well paid is;
He makes his Commodity cover the Ladies,
Zo zoft and zweet his Trade is.

2. *Grocers.* 85.

The *Grocer* layes his zhugged baits,
He loves to have his zhip zail in the Straits;
He deals for sweet Almonds, Prunello's, and Dates,
With Ladies as light as his weights.

E 3.

3. *Dra-*

3. *Drapers.* 86.

The *Drapers* next in my fancy doth hover.
 It is the best Trade betwixt *Barwick* and *Dover*;
 But when his zhorth Yard the women discover,
 They will have a handful over.

4. *Fishmongers.* 87.

And now have at the *Fishmongers* jacket,
 It proves a good trade as the *Taverns* do make it:
 But of all the vish in the zea chil undertake it,
 He'd rather have a virgin naked.

5. *Goldsmiths.* 88.

The *Goldsmiths* stall will make me to stop,
 For *Goldsmiths-Hall* hath been a great prop;
 Of all the rich mysteries this is the top,
 The Tower was a *Goldsmith's* zhoph.

6. *Merchant-Taylors.* 89.

The *Merchant-Taylors* may not be outed,
 His Calling hath been e're zince *Adam* was routed:
 A zuit makes a Gallants wealth not to be doubted,
 That is but a Beggar without it.

7. *Skinners.* 90.

The *Skinners* hate Ich che must not incurr,
 He covers the Corps of your Worshipful Zur,
 And cleaves to your Aldermans back like a bur,
 Whose lincing is Voxes vur.

8. *Haberdashers.* 91.

Your *Haberdashers* Art che may call,
 The onely fine trade that doth cover us all;
 But woe to the *Cavalier* that did vall
 Into *Haberdashers-Hall*.

9. *Salters.*

9. *Salsters.* 92.

The *Salsters* trade we zhall not omit,
 The *Scholars* zay Zalt is an Emblem of Wit;
 But vaich I believe they love a vresh bit,
 When *Mutton* and *Capers* meet.

10. *Iron-mongers.* 93.

The fame of *Iron-mongers* do ring,
 The strength of the Mettle can conquer a King;
 The *Helmet*, *Musket*, and *Gauntlet* can bring
 A *Scepter* out of a *Sling*.

11. *Vintners.* 94.

The *Vintner's* Art but vew men do know,
 Vor it is a zience too zuttle to zhow;
 The Devil and he a Conjuring go,
 When both are a brewing below.

12. *Cloth-workers.* 95.

The *Cloth-workers* trade is a very vine thing,
 And of all the Trades may be counted the King;
 But yet he will merrily tipple and zing,
 'Till his wits go a Wool-gathering.

96.

And now Ic che hope no Tradesman will take
 Exzeptions at me vor my merriment fake; (nieft,
 Their Trades are all good, but the *Vintner's* the bon-
 God blefs them and make them all honest.

97.

Ic che now will go home to *Zomerzetzheere*,
 And tell all the Countrey what vine things are here;
 Chil jog to my *Jug*, and zee what God hath zent her,
 And chil come uere agen next Winter.

End of the Representations.



Acrostichs,
Annagrams,
Epigrams,
Elegies,
AND
Epitaphs.



Acrostichs.

An Acrostich on Mrs. Hester Noy.

How much I am obliged to your worth,
 Each faculty I have cannot set forth;
 Sure I shall dye in debt, unless you please
 To binde me more by granting a Release:
 Excellent Lady, may the Powers above
 Reward you with those joyes which Angels love.

Nothing that hath affinity with ill
 Oppose your understanding or your will,
 Your Vertues, which so copiously extend,
 Eternity can onely comprehend.

A double Acrostich on Mrs. Susanna Blunt.

Sweet Soul of goodness, in whose Saint-like breast
 Virtue Vows dwelling to make Beauty blest;
 Sure Sighing *Citherea* sits, your Eyes
 Are Altars whereon she might sacrifice:
 Now None will of the Paphean Order be,
 Natur's New work transcends a Deity;
 Arabia's Aromaticks court your scent,
 Bright Beauty makes your Gazers eloquent;
 Let Little *Cupid* his lost eyes obtain,
 Vail'd, Viewing you, would strike him blind again.
 Nay, Never think I flatter, If you be
 Thus To none else, by Love, you are to Me.

An

*An Acrostick on two pairs of inseparable Friends
who were Married in one Day.*

A four-fold Acrostick.

Love Joyn these Pairs, and May each blessed (Bride
Obtain A guard of Angels for A Guide. (nion,
Heaven, Nature, Vertue, Reason in commu-
Nobilitate Enrich, and Love Your union :

Grace Faith and Knowledge Bind ye, may you (be
Each Others blifs, No evil Injure ye.
Let nothing Re-divide; Eternal Rest,
Love, Dwell and Last in each Diviner Brest.

A cross Acrostick on two Cross Lovers.

Though cross in our Affections, still the flames
Of Honour shall secure our noble Names ;
Nor shall Our fate divorce our faith, Or cause
The least Mislike of love's Diviner lawes.
Crosses somtimes Are cures , Now let us prove,
That no strength Shall Abate the power of love:
Honour, Wit, Beauty, Riches wise men call,
Frail Fortune's Badges, In true love lies all.
Therefore to him we Yield , our Vowes shall be
Paid, ——— Read and written in Eternity :
That All may know when men grant no Redress,
Much love can sweeten the unhappiness.

An Epithalamium in a double Acrostick, written on the
noble Names and sacred Nuptials of the worthily
honoured EWDWARD MARROW Esquire,
and the most truly vertuous Mrs.

ANNE GRANTHAM.

Eminent Pair! what ever Sidney saw
in Argalus and his P A R T H E N I A
Doth figure out your Excellence; how then
shall I depict ye with so poor a Pen N
What powers shall I implore? Apollo's gon,
for whom my Muse lies drench'd in Helico N
Arts are malignant, Poems out of date,
the Lay-man calls Learning a Reprobat E
Reason is banish'd, and what e're did spring
from those fair banks where peace was flourishin G
Divinest pair, whose bright perfections are
more luminary then the morning Star R
May all the pleasures Phæbus ever saw
in Europe, Asia, or A M E R I C A
Attend your genial joyes; what Nature can
contribute to the excellence of ma N
Redouble your felicity; may night
and day contend which shall yield most deligh T
Riches and honour, vertue (the best wealth)
beauty, with all the circumstance of healt H
Obey your wish: and he that will not pray
as I have done, is Love's Anathem A
Warre never fright ye, wheresoe're you come
may bright Apollo's harp drown Mars his dru M

Intems.

Intemperance.

A Fancy upon Words.

HE that's devoted to the — G L A S S,
The Dice or a lascivious — L A S S,
At his own price is made an — A S S.

He that is greedy of the — G R A P E,
On *Reason* doth commit a — R A P E,
And changeth habit with an — A P E.

The Lover whose Devotion — F L I E S
Up to the Sphere where Beauty — L I E S,
Makes Burning-glasses of his — E I E S.

If long he to that Idol — P R A Y,
His sight, by Love's inflaming — R A Y,
Is lost for ever and for — A Y.

*An Epitaph in a double Acrostich, composed and fixed on
the Stone of Mrs. Joane Ward.*

I n this plain piece of humble earth lyes one
Whom no unworthy feet should tread upon,
O ne whose chaste life did very much improve
A Daughters duty and a Sisters love;
A lmighty God was still her Contemplation,
R eligion was her daily recreation:
N othing came in her maiden thoughts that cou'd
Dehile the fountain of her Virgin blood;
E ternal joyes contain her now, let's then
Mourn all until we meet with her agen.

Anna-

P O E M S.

61

ANNAGRAMS.

CHARLES STUART:

Annagram,

AS CLEER AS TRUTH.

Exposition.

CHARLES STUART makes it out in age and youth,
His Name and Nature are as CLEER AS TRUTH.

CHARLES STUART:

Annagr.

CALS TRU HEARTS.

Expo.

What man who either doth love Arms or Arts,
That goes not when Charles Stuart, calls true hearts.

PARLIAMENT:

Annagr.

I TRAP AL MEN.

Expo.

When the Long Parliament was sitting, then
This Annagram was right, I TRAP AL MEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL:

Annagr.

RULE WELL OR I COM.

Expo.

RULE WELL OR I COM cry'd the red nos'd Jew;
'Tis just (since you trap all men) I trap you.

ROUND-HEADS:

Annagr.

HEAVENS ROD.

Expo.

When Cavaliers by sin offended God, (ROD.
The bloody Round-heads were made HEAVEN'S

P O E M S.
TEACHERS:

Annagram.

CHEATERS.
SAINTS:

An.

STAINS.

Ex.

When Heresie creeps into factious Brains,
TEACHERS are **CHEATERS**, and such **SAINTS**
 are **STAINS**.

MINISTER:

An.

MENTIRIS.

Ex.

When Presbyter inflam'd with a false fire is,
 A man may tell him, **MINISTER**, **MENTIRIS**.
LOSTE:

An.

STOLE.

Ex.

This Annagram mysterious sense may boast,
 For what is **STOLE** is found in what was **LOSTE**.

TOAST:

An.

A SOTT.

Ex.

A Simile
A TOAST is like **A SOTT**, or what is most,
 Comparative, *A Sott* is like a *Toast*;
 For when their substances in liquor sink,
 Both properly are said to be in Drink.

End of the Annagrams.

Epigrams.

1. Epigram.

A Knight and's Man, both being at an Inn,
The Knight having well eaten, did begin
To say to's Servant, *John* I have sup't well,
Have our horse done so too? I cannot tell,
Replied the Man, for ought I know they may,
I'm sure I saw the Ostler *take away*.

2. Epigr.

On a Church in

One said *Pauls* Church lookt with the Steeple on it,
Just like a Trunk with a hat-case upon it;
No, quoth another, 'tis not like't at all,
He tell you what 'tis like, 'tis like to fall.

3. Epigr.

Sim seeing *Harry* have a broken head,
Askt against what he broke it, *Harry* said,
Against a thing that often doth me ill,
To tell you true, I broke't against my will.

4. Epigr.

Three Scholars having barely din'd, and growing
A little wanton after it, were throwing
Their bones at one another, a fourth Man,
Who had with plenty dined himself, began
To tell them that their sport was very dull,
Which did declare their bellies were not full,
And in a word his meaning thus exprest,
If they were full, your bones would be at rest.

5. Epigr.

5. Epigr.

A Knave and Whore of ~~mod~~
 Being at that Sport which ~~was~~ ~~at~~,
 Against a Gate, in a place ~~of~~ ~~wide~~,
 Was question'd of a friend, by whom they were 'spi'd,
 Why he would deal with such a dirty Slut
 In a wide field, against a Gate too? but
 The other made reply, pray do not prate,
 The Slut is good enough to prop-a-gate.

6. Epigr.

A Serjeant sitting at the Compter-gate,
 Fell fast asleep, which made another strait
 Grow something witty, and to break a jeast,
 This fellow, sayes he, sure hath none to arrest,
 And, in meer spightfulness, this envious Elf
 (The Serjeant) is Arresting of himself.

7. Epigr.

On Mr. Garrat, and Mr. Chambers.

Garrat and his Friend Chambers, having done
 Their City business, went to Paddington,
 And coming near that fatal place where men
 (I mean Offenders) ne're return agen;
 Looking on Tyburn in a merriment,
 Quoth Chambers, here's a pretty Tenement,
 Had it a Garrat: Garrat hearing that,
 Reply'd, Friend Chambers, I do wonder at
 Your simple censure, you prate like a Parrat,
 There must be Chambers e're there be a Garrat.

8. Epi-

8. Epigram.

On a Lady whose name was Mrs. Brown.

We praise the *fair*, and our Inventions wrack,
 In pleasing Sonnets to applaud the *Black*;
 We court this Ladies Eye, that Mistress Hair,
 The fair love black, the *black* affect the *fair*;
 Yet neither sort I court, I doat upon
 Nor *fair* nor *black*, but a complexion
 More rare then either, she that is the Crown
 Of my intire affection is *Brown*.
 And yet she's *fair*, 'tis strange, how can it be,
 That two Complexions can in one agree;
 Do I love *Brown*, my Love can please my eye,
 And sate my narrowest Curiosity:
 If I like *fair*, she hath so sweet a grace,
 A man might leave an *Angel* for her face.
 Let any judge then which Complexion's rarest,
 In my opinion she is *Brown* that's fairest.

9. Epigram.

On a little Gentleman, and Mr. Story a tall man.

This little Blade (by th'other mans vain glory
 It seems was roughly us'd, (so sayes the *Story*)
 But being strongly heated, and high flown,
 In rage he flies on *Story*, pulls him down:
 But when they ris, I know not how it fated,
 One got the worst, the *Story* was translated

From *white* to *red*, but e're the fight was ended,
 It seems one, whom the *little man* befriended,
 Came in and parted them ; the *little Blade*
 There's no man could intreat, nor yet perswade,
 But he would fight still, till another came,
 And with perswasions counsell'd 'gainst the same,
 'Twas in this manner, *Friend, you shall not fight*
With one that's so unequal to your height.
Story is tall ; the other made reply,
I'de pluck him down, were he three Stories high.

10. Epigram.
 On *May-poles*.

Hypocrites are like those *May-poles* they mock,
 Rootless and fruitless, with a *Weathercock*.

11. Epigram.
 On a red nosed Parson.

A jolly *Parson* of a comely grace,
 Who partly carried his hot zeal in's face,
 Being at's *Inn*, and sitting by the fire,
 A pipe of good *Tobacco* doth require ;
 The boy straight brings it him, and to his hand
 Commits it with a kindled fire-brand ;
 But as he was at lighting on't, some small
 Sparks from the coal upon his hand did fall :
 The witty boy perceiving these mishaps,
 Cries, *Mr. Parson, hold Sir, your nose drops.*

12. Epigram:

There was a time a difference began
Betwixt a Welchman and an English man,
Each praising of his Countrey, did expresse
How much they did abound in fruitfulness;
The *Englishman* did tell the *Welchman*, that
There was a piece of ground he had been at,
In *Yorkshire*, which so fruitful was of grass,
That when a staff was thrown into't; it was
In one nights time so overgrown, they could
Not see't next day: The *Welchman* cries out, hold,
That was not worth the praising, *In our Land*,
Quoth *Tassie*, I would have you understand,
We have such grass, that turn your horse i'th' ground,
And before morning come, he sha'nt be found.

End of the Epigrams:

Elegies and Epitaphs of two sorts, woful and witty.

*An Elegy and Epitaph compos'd acrostichally on two names
occasioned by the Death of Mrs. MARY KETTLE,
Wife to Mr. HUMPHREY KETTLE of Hollow-
way beyond Islington; she dyed in Childe-bed.*

Hang all the Rooms with Black, let none appear
Unless he can dissolve into a tear,
Modesty, Loyalty, and Love are all
Put in this Coffin, 'tis their Funeral
Heaven hath took more good then 'twill (I fear)
Return the world again these hundred year:
Every Grace that makes a happy life
You might have found in this dead vertuous Wife.

Knowledge and true Humility were met
Exactly in this curious Cabinet;
Truth was her guide, for she (wee'l boldly say)
Travell'd from *Hollow-way* the *Holy way*:
Let all therefore that wish their own souls safe
Endeavour to deserve her Epitaph.

The Epitaph on her Name.

Mourn good Reader, here lies one
 As chaste in life as this cold stone ;
 Religion, Grace, and so much good
 Yet ne're dwelt in flesh and blood.

Kinde as Saints, no sweeter Bride
 Ever blest a Husband's side,
 That in Childe-bed sheet was driven
 To be truly Church't in Heaven,
 Led by Angels, where the King
 Eternal Crowns the Gossipping.

*An Elegy and Epitaph on the Death of William Barck-
 ley, Esquire, one of the Aldermen of the City of
 London.*

Stay and release my wonder you that can
 Resolve what may compleat a perfect man,
 So absolute that future times may well
 Admire at, but shall never parallel ;
 Let him be wise, and learn'd, his better part
 Be richly furnish'd with transcendent Art ;
 Let nature be his friend, and in his minde
 Let Vertues choice endowments be refin'd :
 He will come short of him, whose body lies
 At this time floating in his Mourners eyes ;

For in this Monument is one in whom
 Faith, Hope, and Charity took up their room ;
 One who hath gather'd Vertues since his Birth,
 Enough to crown a man in Heaven and Earth ;
 When Acts of Equity were in his trust
 He ever was both merciful and just :
 The Poor he pittied, but his soul was ne're
 To wicked greatness an Idolater ;
 He had indeed a heart which the worst times
 Could never tempt to profitable Crimes,
 His thoughts were pure, his actions free, his store
 Was made a good Exchequer for the Poor :
 Though Envy oft on Envy doth attend,
 He forced *Envy's* self to be his friend.

Forbear more words(my fant'sie)thou'rt too weak,
 Great griefs are silent when small sorrows speak ;
 Although his body sleep till the day come
 That shall unite him to his ancient home ;
 His soul is mounted on Seraphick Wings,
 Unto the Mansion of *the King of Kings*.

The Epitaph.

Weep Reader, weep, for if we see
 Thy Fountains dry, no man will be
 Perswaded to relent for thee.

In this Monumental clay
 Lies pious dust till it obey
 The Summons of the latter day.

You

You that ranſack Earth and Skyes
For all worth which good men prize,
Look no further, *Here it lies.*

But (to ſum up all in brief)
He whoſe eyes are void of grief
Hath a heart without belief.

He whoſe ſoul doth not deſire
To weep before it do retire
Would laugh were all the world on fire.

An Epitaph on a Child.

Ladies that are young and wiſe
Shall I tell you of a prize,
Here a box of beauty lies.

A Jewel hid from vulgar view,
Whoſe excellency if you knew,
Your eyes would drop like morning dew.

Dame Nature's Diamond which when
She ſaw it was too high for men,
Shew'd it, and ſhut it up agen.

2

An Epitaph supposed to be written by A Gentleman on himself, who dyed of a Disease, called by the name of a Bad Wife.

Nay tread and spare not Passenger,
My sence is now past feeling,
Who to my grave a wound did bear
Within, past Physicks healing.

But do not (if thou be to wed)
To read my story tarry,
Lest thou creep into my cold bed
rather then live to marry.

For a long strife with a leud wife
Worst of all ill beside,
Made me grow weary of my life,
So I fell sick and dyed.

An Epitaph on Mr. John Kirk, Merchant.

Reader, within this Dormitory lyes
The wet Memento of a Widows Eyes,
A Kirk, though not of Scotland, one in whom
Loyalty liv'd, and Faction found no room.
No Conventicle-Christian, but he dy'd
A Kirk of England by the Mothers side :
In brief, (to let you know what you have lost,
Kirk was a Temple of the Holy Ghost.

An end of the Elegies and Epitaphs.

A Canting Rogue Parallel'd with a Phanatick.

IS the worlds running Ulcer, an unfix't
 Piece of mortality, begot betwixt
 A *Tinker* and his *Doxy* in a *Den*
 Of *Filchers*, which they call the *bowzing ken* :
 Nurs'd by a maunding *Mort*, whose *Mother tongue*
 Directs him first the way to *Nipp a Bung*,
 And mill the *lower* from him whose gazing eyes
 Are fix'd upon *London's* varieties,
 That the sad *Countrey man* is forc'd to score
 At's lodging, till he be suppli'd with more,
 Whilst the impatient *Lawyer* makes a pause,
 Pernicious enough to spoil his Cause :
 Nor can the ablest *Councel* tell him when,
 Or by what trick to gain his purse agen.
 Thus is poor *Colter* poison'd with a drench,
 Made of *Law Latin*, and low *Pedlers French*.
 A Language which admits no derivation
 But is intire and had its generation,
 Without dispute, from *Babel Tower's conclusion*,
 For it is us'd in nothing but confusion,
 As *Prigging Prancers*, *Tipping Nab's*, and such
 Phrases as make the slovenly *Low Dutch*
 A polite *Dialect* ; he is one whose bane
 Doth much participate with that of *Cain*,
 The *Brother-killing President*, whose fate
 Gives him the title of a *Runnagate* ;

His

His body is his land, and every louse
Upon't, are Cattle, the next hedge, his house ;
He pretends Palmestry, and as he passes,
Through Villages, the gamesome Countrey Lasses
Do get about him, and do much importune
The Rogue with meat, to tell them a good fortune ;
Or else they'l give him nothing, and (to ease 'em
In their desires) the *Knave* knows how to please 'em;
He and the *Annabaptists* were in season,
One canted *Felony*, and 'tother *Treason* :
And if his *Mort* with a *French Coltstaff* strike,
'Tis ten to one they snuffle both alike ;
Both preach in *Barns*, and teach in the same tones,
One storms a *Henroost*, 'tother strikes at *Thrones*,
Both hate Authority, for they're often crost,
One with the *Noose*, tother the *Whipping-post*.
In point of Baptisme, for ought I know,
The *Rogue's* the better Christian of the two :
The *Annabaptist* in his teaching tone
Defyes *God-fathers*, he'l have *twelve* or none ;
In Marriages the *Rogue* and *He* accords,
For man and wife take one anothers words,
And very fruitful in their spawn they be,
Both deal in liberty and Leachery :
To conclude all, they are a brace of men
That are so like, they are the worse agen ;
Whose dispositions could a *Limner* paint,
You'd not know which is *Rogue*, or which is *Saint*.

*On the Ordinance prohibiting Cavaliers to wear Swords,
April, 1646.*

YOU of the Royalty, attend your Summons,
'Tis this day Order'd by the Lords and Commons
 Assembled in that sacred place which we
 Must look upon as *England's* destiny,
 That all such dreadful men whose fame doth ring
 For active Loyalty to God and King,
 Laws and their native Liberties, shall be
 Disarm'd and made a *Swordless Cavalry*;
 For some such cause as formerly was given
 When men were levy'd against *Charles* and *Heaven*,
 At that time when the *Publick Faith* withstood
 The *Creed* and *Plate* was melted into Blood,
 When Subjects fought their *Master* to betray
 At the old rate of *thirty pence* a day;
 When Prentices against all Rules of Reason
 Were early Free-men in the Trade of Treason,
 When by the *Faction's Commons* wise fore-casting,
Triennial was a word for *Everlasting*;
 When the Mad Shires did with Petitions run,
 Humbly desiring they may be undone;
 Not dreaming that our English Inquisitions
 Did onely fit to answer such Petitions;
 When States-mens Trunks were fill'd up to the brim,
In Anno Primo Regni Johannis Pym:
 With more such reasons which are yet unknown,
 You are to lay your Bloody Bilbo's down,

And

And march disbladed, since the House of Lords
 Have voted *Honest men must wear no Swords.*
 And shall this daunt your Royal Spirits that
 Have gain'd a Fame time cannot ruinate ;
 Your Enemies, though with a wrong pretence,
 Have done you right, and put your Innocence
 In the true garb, when did you ever see
 Innocence figur'd with Artillery ?
 What need you Weapons since there is not one
 Of worth enough to draw your Sword upon
 That's not your Sovereigns Friend, and is't not pittty,
 On the sinister spawn of a Committee,
 To vent your valiant wrath, calm your high passion,
 They dare as well do that deserves damnation
 In such an Act that's pardon proof as see
 You wear your Swords, it is their jealousy,
 Of you, their King, nay even of their God,
 When have you known Children delight the Rod ?
 So Cowards when their paler fears increase,
 Take blows, and subtly bind men to the Peace :
 What need you mutter that your Swords are gone,
 Since you may see *Justice* her self hath none ;
 Your Valour is not question'd, 'tis for that
 You are disarm'd, nor do they wonder at
 Your swordless side, for all that justly owe
 Allegiance to Valour, truly know,
 A bladeless Cavalier can more afford,
 Then he whose thigh is branded with a Sword ;
 Be not dismay'd (and you in time shall see)
 The Kings Cause hath an occult Quality ;

Your

But whilst you reign, our low Petition craves
 That we, the King's true Subjects, and your Slaves
 May in our Comick Mirth and Tragick Rage
 Set ope the Theatre and shew the Stage;
 The Shop of Truth and Fancy, where we vow
 Not to act any thing you'l disallow;
 We will not dare at your strange Votes to jeer,
 Or personate King *Pym* with his State sleire:
 Aspiring *Cataline* shall be forgot,
 Bloody *Sejanus*, or who ere could plot
 Confusion 'gainst a State, the War betwixt
 The Parliament and just *Harry the Sixt*,
 Shall have no thought or mention, 'cause their power
 Not onely plac'd, but lost him in the Tower;
 Nor will we parallel with least suspicion,
 Your Synod with the Spanish Inquisition,
 Or like the grave advice of learned *Pym*,
 Make a *Malignant*, and then *Plunder Him*.
 All these and such like actions that may mar
 Your soaring plots, or shew you what you are,
 We shall omit, lest our inventions shake 'em,
 Why should the men be wiser then you'l make 'em:
 Methinks there should not such a difference be
 'Twixt your Professions and our Quality.
 You Meet, Plot, Act, talk high with minds immense,
 The like with us, but onely we speak sense
 Inferiour unto yours, we can tell how
 To depose Kings, there we know more then you;
 Although not more then what ye would, so we
 Do in our vaster Priv'ldges agree;

But that yours are the larger, and controuls,
 Not onely *Lives* and *Fortunes*, but mens souls ;
 Declaring by an Enigmatick sence,
 A priviledge on each man's Conscience ;
 As if the Trinity could not consent
 To save a Soul, but by the Parliament :
 We make the people laugh at some vain show,
 And, as they laugh at us, they do at you,
 Onely i'th' contrary we disagree,
 For you can make them cry faster then wee :
 Your Tragedies more real are exprest,
 You murder men in earnest, we in jeast ;
 There we come short, but if you follow't thus,
 Some wise men fear you will come short of us.
 As humbly as we did begin, we pray,
 Dear School-masters, you'l give us leave to Play,
 Quickly before the King comes, for we wou'd
 Be glad to say, y've done a little good
 Since ye have sat, your play is almost done,
 As well as ours, would 't had ne're been begun ;
 But we shall finde, e're the last A&t be spent,
Enter the King, Exit the Parliament,
And hey then up go we, who by the frown
 Of guilty Members have been voted down.
 Yet you may still remain, and sit, and vote,
 And through your own beam see your brothers mote,
 Until a legal tryal shew how
 Y've us'd the King, *and hey then up go you.*
 So pray your humble slaves (with all their powers)
 That when they have their due you may have yours.

Single

SONGS

The Royal Vision.

The Tune of Greece and Troy.

Late being tir'd out in a tedious march,
I stretcht my wearied limbs
Under a Willow Arch;
In such a shade by passion huri'd,
Men crost in love elect,
That fain would leave the world
At such a season, when the sweet quire of fowls
Had left the neighb'ring thickets
To the rule of Bats and Owls:
Close by the flowry fringed verge of a stream;
Sleeping ceizing all my senses
Straight I thus began to dream.

**To my afflicted fair appear'd
A Princely person that
Was all in blood and tears;**

A

The

SONG

The ruin'd raiments that she wears
Were Kingly mourning Purples;
All besprinkled with gore;
From her exuberous eyes troops of tears
down
Her head did wear a Church,
Invested with a batter'd Crown;
Mang a woful wound her body bore,
Like one fled from the furies
Of some salt Ravisher.

3.
On her Imperial Front she wears
E N G L A N D
In golden Characters;
But so demolisht now they show,
As monumental letters made
A thousand years ago:
Then as a torrent whose swift course was restrain'd,
Her flood-gates all flew open,
And with woe she thus complain'd:
Oh whither bear you all my bees thus in swarms!
What fury so affrights ye,
That ye beat these loud alarms?

4.
Oh you whom Peace and Plenty sway'd,
Why in these wicked warlike Arms
Are you array'd?
Where is the foe? or having none,
What wonder works this wildness,
That you needs will prove your own?

You

SONGS.

3

You that when as you were united might
 Have vanquish'd Turk and Pagan;
 Or put Antichrist to flight;
 But from what unredeem'd spirit did spring
 The plot of all your plagues,
 To quarrel with a peaceful King.

What Itch of Innovation wrought
 Your factious humours, when the Clergy
 To the Block ye brought?
 Or why my Pastors do you keep
 In Prisons, whilst the Wolf abroad
 Doth onely guard the Sheep?
 But why (in brief) do you such strange crimes commit;
 That want a proper name,
 Or ever man was damn'd for yet?
 Oh! woful Island, flow in tears to the Main,
 Thy sheep are lost ith' pasture,
 For their plenty proves their pain.

Why with pretence of righteous Cause;
 Do you destroy the antient
 Liberties and Laws?
 Or clad in Arms a furious fry,
 To fight against the guide
 Of God-like Monarchy?
 How can a wilde
 Divided power do as much
 As One that is Anointed,
 Whom it's terrible to touch.

E're such a strange misguided Crew
 Granted be
 Resolve to know the sad event
 Of this short Prophetic.

This great and glorious
 Liberal Land
 Seedless shall lye,
 Alas! the Plow will want a hand;
 And when the Field
 No fruit affords,
 Sickles shall be converted
 Into life depriving swords;
 Strangers from far
 This fertile soil shall devour
 Your Wives and modest Matrons,
 Lust and Rapine shall deflower;
 Famine and Plague
 Shall both at once walk the Round,
 Then Swords shall be Physicians,
 And by killing cure the wound.

8.

Churches and Towns,
 With paralleles spires,
 Shall vanish in the furious flames
 Of unconfined fires,
 Such shrieks from earth
 To heaven shall flye,
 That death will be less torment,
 Than to hear each other dye.

Who

Who ever famine's scapes
 the sword shall destroy;
 A story sad and truer
 Then the dreadful tale of Troy.
 Frighted I wak'd
 And on my knee did implore,
 Some mercy for my former crimes,
 And vow'd to fight no more.

The Farewell.

1.

FAir *Fidelia* leave me now,
 I may no more
 Thy Deity adore;
 Nor offer to thy shrine,
 I serve one more divine,
 And greater than you;
 Hark, the trumpet call away,
 I must go,
 Lest the foe
 Lose the King and win the day.
 Let's march bravely on,
 Charge them in the Van,
 Our Cause Gods is,
 Though the odds is
 Ten times ten to one.

2.

Tempt no more, I may not yield;
 Although thy eyes
 A Kingdom might surprize;

Leave off thy wanton tales,
 The high-born Prince of Wales
 Is mounted in the Field,
 Where the loyal Gentry flock,
 Though forlorn,
 Nobly born,
 Of a near decaying stock,
 Cornish boyes be bold,
 Never lose your hold,
 He that loiters,
 Is by Traytors
 Basely bought and sold.

3.

One kiss more, and then farewell,
 Nay now give o'te,
 I prethee fool no more;
 Why cloud'st thou so thy beams?
 I see by these extreams
 A woman's heaven or hell.
 Pray the King may have his own,
 That the Queen
 May be seen
 With her Babes on Englands Throne;
 Rally up your men,
 One shall vanquish ten;
 Victory we
 Come to try thy
 Favour once agen.

The Resolution. 1642.

1.

Ask me no more why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragoner,
Since it is requisite you know
They rob *cum Privilegio*.

2.

Ask me not why the Gaole confines
Our Hierarchy of best Divines,
Since 'twas allow'd by full consent,
The Priviledge of Parliament.

3.

Ask me no more why from *Blackwall*
Such tumults come unto *White-hall*,
Since some in Parliament agree,
'Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

4.

Ask me not why to *London* comes
So many Muskets, Pikes, and Drums,
So that we fear they'll never cease,
'Tis to procure the Kingdoms Peace.

5.

Ask me no more why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to flinch,
Since such as dare to Hawk and Kings,
May easily clip a Finches wings.

6.

Ask me no more why *Strafford's* dead,
Or why they aim'd so at his head;

A a 4

Faith

Faith all the reason I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wise to live.

7.

Ask me no more where's all the Plate
Brought in at such an easie rate,
It to the owners back they'l bring,
In case it fall not to the King.

8.

Ask me not why the House delights
Not in our two wise Kentish Knights,
Their Counsels never were thought good,
Because they were not understood.

9.

Ask me no more why *Livesey* goes
To ceaze all rich men as his foes,
Whilst Countrey Farmers sigh and sob,
Yeomen may beg when Knights do rob.

10.

Ask me no more by what strange sight
London's Lord Major was made a Knight,
Since there's a strength sprung out of war,
That can at once both make and mar.

11.

Ask me no more why in this age
I sing so free without a cage,
My answer is, I need not fear,
All *England* doth the burthen bear.

12.

Ask me no more (for I grow dull)
Why *Hotham* keeps the Town of *Hull*,

I'll

I'll answer ye one word for all,
All things are thus when Kings do fall.

The Kingly Complaint.

The King Imprison'd at Holmby.

The Tune. 1. In faith I cannot keep my sheep.

I Am a poor and patient King,
Though some are pleas'd to call me Pope,
But yet I have a holy hope,
God will relieve my suffering,
By letting Peace and Plenty spring,
That every man may have his own,
Then I shall sit agen upon my Throne.

The Royal Consort of my age,
That hath so oft my Cradles crown'd,
With false aspersions, they do wound
According to their holy rage
My simple Subjects they engage,
And arm them with a proud pretence,
To bring me home in beating me from thence.

A Reformation next is sought,
Episcopacy must go down,
A Tinker's art must mend the Crown,
By Weavers we may well be taught,
But now at last they have us brought
O're many rigid Rocks and Shelves,
They are contending what to be themselves.

My

4.

My Countreymen I most commend,
 For they have made the most of me,
 Alas ! it was their poverty ;
 They did it to no other end,
 But they have too much valued Me,
 And over-priz'd my Innocence,
 They could demand no more then thirty pence.

5.

A rout of Rebels ring me round,
 Such is the King of Englands Court,
 Who but to please their Pride, in sport
 Have brought my Peers unto the ground,
 They chase me like an Infidel,
 Or one that Christian Blood betray' th,
 Although I write, *Defender of the Faith.*

Rebels Market. 1646.

1.

NOW that the holy Wars are done
 Between the Father and the Son,
 And that we have by righteous fate
 Distrest a Monarch and his Mate,
 Forcing their Heir flye into France,
 To weep out his Inheritance,

2.

Let's set open all our Packs,
 Which contain ten thousand wracks,
 Cast away on the Red Sea,
 At Naseby and at Newberry ;

If then you'l come provided with gold:

We dwell

Close by Hell,

Where we sell

What you will,

That is ill,

For Charity there is cold.

If by thee a Murther came,

We can give't another Name,

But alwayes provided thus,

That thou hast been one of us,

Gold is the God shall pardon the guilt;

We have

What shall save

Thee from Grave,

For the Law

We can awe,

Though a Princes blood be spilt.

If a Church thou hav'lt bereft

Of its Plate, 'tis holy theft;

Or for zeal-sake if thou beest

Prompted on to spoil a Priest,

Gold's a prevailing advocate:

Then come,

Bring a summe,

Law is dumb,

And submits

To our wits,

For Policy guides a State.

The

The Leaguer.

I.

JOyn thy ennamel'd cheek to mine,
I'll bring thee where is rais'd Wine,
And where a loving Leaguer's kept,
Where many tankard tears are wept

For the Cause

That is gone, that is here,

Joy and grief in a tear

We will wash

There we study Revenges

Make Plots without hinges,

More Black then the fifth of November

In our Pipe and our Cup

Our Estates are rak'd up

Till our eyes twinkle like to the members.

There with a sack-incens'd face,

In speckled state and flaming grace,

With dabbled doublet doth appear

The curral front of Cavalier,

With a bowle

Full of sack, such as can

In the most dying man

Raise a soul,

And forbids any venter,

The Leaguer to enter,

Or near it commit such a trespass.

IF

If his cheeks do not shine
 With the blood of the Vine,
 And his Nostrils appear like a Respass.

3.
 In Fletcher's Wit, and Johnson's style.

There will we sit and fret a while,
 Cursing the puddle of their brains,
 That pull'd down grapes, and put up grains.

They are foes,

Who Bagpipes for Shalmies

Deal in small Bear and Pfallies

Through the Nose:

May want of drink grieves in,

And no man relieves in,

Till scorching inform them what hell is.

May Houndditch and Towerditch,

With Moorditch and Shoreditch

Be emptied to fill up their bellies:

4.
 May all the ills that can be thought

Either too heavy or too hot

Light on his belly and his back,

That envies us the joyes of Sack,

Let him dye,

Or let him live with so much strife,

That he may beg to lose his life,

Till he cry,

Good-fellows forgive me,

If you dare believe me,

By the soul and the sword of a Lay-man;

I'll draw out my Whinyard,
And set up the Vineyard,
In spite of the Devil and Dray-man.

The Discovery.

*A Pastoral Song in two parts, being a Dialogue
betwixt Alexis and Eliza, a Shepherd and
Shepherdesse.*

1.

Eliza. **S**hepherd I will tell thee news;
That I fear will scarce delight thee;
Alexis. Let me hear the worst ensues,
Spoke by thee it cannot fright me,
Angels voices ne're abuse.

2.

Eliza. Walking late on yonder Plain,
A Shepherd at our meeting grumbled;
Alexis. Tush, 'twas but a Rural Swain,
For his pains he shall be humbled,
If we ever meet again.

3.

Eliza. 'Tis reported thou and I
Are intwin'd in Love's embraces:
Alexis. 'Tis because that we do flye,
From those Lads and sun-burnt Lassies,
Which were once our Company.

4.

Alexis. But what ever they surmize,
Let not your own tongue betray you;
Their

Their suspicions have no eyes,
Do not let your fears bewray you
To the traps which they devise.

Eliza. But if they to me should go,
And their true suspicions mutter,

Alexis. Be you so wise to answer no,
When they imaginations utter,
Do you imagine 'tis not so.

6.

Both. Let us keep our Loves entire,
Like two Turtles of a feather;
In the heat of our desire
Let us live and dye together,
Flaming still in amorous fire.

A Chirping Cup.

Ding dong ding
Let the Bells ring,
Leave off your caring;
He is fool'd,
That thinks his gold
Is safe by sparing;
Who doth know,
As time's go,
Who shall have the sharing;
Then to prevent all
Let's merrily quaff our Wine
To the King and his Consort divine.

I prethee fill it as much as 'twill hold,

We'll swagger home,

Stagger home,

When we are fill'd,

And reel away misfortune.

More joyes bring,

Let the Boyes sing,

And Fidlers rant it,

We'll drink Wine,

Though the fine

Presbyters want it,

They that thus

Drink like us,

Never can be daunted:

Then with Canary

Let every mans Coblet be crown'd,

In Sack let our sorrows be drown'd,

It is the right way our foes to confound;

We'll bang the Rogues,

Hang the Rogues,

For Charles his glory,

And that will end the story.

The Occasion.

How the Warre began.

I.

I'Le tell you how the War began,

The holy ones assembled,

For

For so they call'd their Party than,
 Whose Consciences so trembled ;
 They pull'd the Bishops from their seats,
 And set up ev'ry Widgeon ;
 The Scotch were sent for to do feats
 With Oat-cakes and Religion.

2.

They pluckt Communion-tables down,
 And broke our painted glasses ;
 They threw our Altars to the ground,
 And tumbled down the Crosses ;
 They set up *Cromwell* and his Heir,
 The Lord and Lady *Claypole*,
 Because they hated Common-Prayer,
 The Organ and the Maypole.

The Roundheads Revolt.

Tune, Souldiers Life.

1.

Then farewell say to a Souldiers life,
 And welcome the Trowel and Spade ;
 For he that doth lye with another mans wite,
 Shall a Cuckold himself be made :

2.

So he that purloyns the Commonweal,
 And takes from other men
 By Plunder, which is in plain English to steal,
 Let him look to be plunder'd agen.

B b

Fare

3.
Farewell to the trade of Musket and Blade,
Which nothing but mischiefs procures ;
For by the endeavours of Coblers and Weavers,
The Land hath been govern'd by Brewers.

4.
And now my Comrades, fall close to your trades,
Leave Scepters to men that are high-born,
Though Treachery wins, when first it begins,
It commonly endeth at Tyburn.

5.
Let every thing conform to the King,
To *Englands* Church I'll be a true Son ;
The way to be bang'd, and at last to be hang'd,
Is to mingle with *Baxter* and *Hewson*.

6.
The stars in their courses have routed our horses,
And made our King-murderers Martyrs ;
They are forc'd to yield the fort and the field,
Whilst Ravens do beat up their quarters.

7.
Those zealots that did Baptisme forbid,
And likewise Godfathers deny'd,
Who raised a War, in conclusion they are
Themselves by twelve God-fathers try'd.

8.
Then let the Bells ring, and pray for the King,
Let every one practise Obedience ;
And let them all starve, who will not observe,
And take the good Oath of Allegiance.

A Catch Royal, 1641.

L Et the Drawer run down,
 We'l fit and drink the Sun down,
 Here's a jolly Health to the King;
 Let him be confounded,
 And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
 That will not pledge me a spring;
 Next to the Lady Mary
 This beer-bowl of Canary,
 I'le pledg't a Carouse were it ten:
 When *Charles* his thoughts are eased,
 And his great heart appeased,
 We'l drink the Sun up agen.

The Change:

After the Death of Oliver, November 3. 1659.

The Air compos'd by Mr. Lock.

I.

TO what Idol now
 Must our hallowed ham-strings bow?
 The devil and we
 Can never agree,
 We know not to *who* or *how*;
 Religion and Laws
 Are crucified by his paws,
 Our liberty
 Is routed truly,
 And so is the good old Cause:

B b 2

The

The Rule of Right
 Hath bid us good night,
 'Tis Power is the onely Prevailer ;
 We dare not be known
 To ask for our own,
 For fear of Gibbet and Goaler :
 For King we went
 And Parliament,
 By gunning to get them together ;
 But now well a day !
 They are gunn'd quite away,
 And we must be govern'd by neither.

2.

Old Noll's Noddle now
 Were he living would tell us how
 The Camp and Crown,
 The Gun and the Gown
 Might quickly make one of two ;
 King *Dick* the third,
 Or *Harry* with his broad sword,
 (Though men amiss)
 Had taught us e're this
 To quarrel about a word :
 Their Launce and Laws
 Had cudgell'd our Cause,
 And made us submit to their Empire ;
 But *Richard* the fourth,
 And *Harry* the ninth
 Are men of genteeler temper :

The Church and State
 Are governed by Fate,
 'Tis Power hath the Peoples applauses ;
 Our Courts are too tall,
 Our Lawyers must fall,
 The Sword's the best splitter of Causes.

3.

'Tis not Majesty
 Did make us to disagree,
 'Twas an humble fire
 Blown up by desire,
 To be but as high as he ;
 The Prelate and King,
 Who caused our quarrelling,
 Were much to blame,
 We hated the Name,
 But fain we would have the thing :
 Our Drum, our Gun,
 Our Copper and Tun,
 Which new ly of so much renown is,
 Can sitly declare
 What spirits we are,
 And what a bright Idol a Crown is :
 But now let's cast
 What's left us at last
 By Presbyter and Independent ;
 The People's forefsworn,
 The Land is forlorn,
 And this is the blessed end on't.

The Souldiers last Farewell,

Tune, Hallow my Fancy.

1.

Farewell Fife, Drum and Trumpet,
 - Fortune is grown
 A very lazy Strumpet ;
 She hath left us,
 And bereft us
 Of a Kingdom and a Throne ;
 We that were once
 As fat as any mullet,
 By picking of the bones
 Of Plunder'd Pig and Pullet,
 May throw away our Guns,
 Our Powder, Match and Bullet ;
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go ?

2.

I that did lead up the Van-guard,
 And with my Sword
 Did many a valiant man guard,
 Now am routed,
 And am flouted,
 Never a man will take my word ;
 Lame Souldiers may
 Seek Hospitals and Spittles,
 And (well a day !)
 We must throw off our whittles,

Instead of taking Pay,
 We shall go beg our Victuals.
Alas, &c.

3.
 We fought for our Religion
 Many a bloody day,
 And killed many a widgeon;
 Law we fought for,
 And we fought for,
 Till we fought it quite away:
 We cut down men
 As Conies crop up Mallows;
 Our Masters-then
 Did call us valiant fellows,
 'Twas time to leave them when
 They brought us to the Gallows.
Alas, &c.

4.
 In Red-coat rags attyred
 I wander up and down,
 Since Fortune so conspired
 To array me,
 And betray me
 To the Censure of the town:
 My Buff doth make me boots,
 My Velvet Coat and Scarlet
 Must turn to Canvas Suits;
 For Fortune is a Harlot,
 These are the rotten fruits
 That attend a fighting Varlet.
Alas, &c.

5.

I have been in *France* and in *Holland*,
 Guided by my stars,
 I have been in *Spain* and *Poland*,
Ireland, *Scotland*,
 And what not Land,
Brittain you know
 Hath felt my desp'rate slaughter,
 I kill'd ten at a blow,
 Even in a fit of laughter ;
 Gone home and made no show,
 But kist my Landlords Daughter.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

6.

My Valour so highly prevailed,
 Meeting with my foes,
 Who strongly me assailed ;
 Though an hundred
 Them I plundred,
 And receiv'd not many blows ;
 This Faulcheon by my side
 Hath kill'd more men I'll swear it,
 Then *Guy* of *Warwick* did,
 For he could ne're come near it ;
 And now I shall be chid
 In time, if I do wear it.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

7.

For the King and the Kingdom
 I was the man

That

That did strike ev'ry thing dumb ;
 I made Meetings,
 Zealous greetings,
 When the War at first began :

Jack Lilburn first,
 Then holy Nye prevailed,
 And I was nurt
 By such as often railed,
 And pious Preachers curst,
 Who were to Prison haled.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

8.

I did about this Nation
 Hold forth my gifts, and teach
 The wayes of tolleration,
 In that season
 I spake treason,
 And any thing within my reach ;
 Then every trade
 Was counterfeitly zealous,
 Preachers were made
 Of such as kept an Alehouse,
 The Pulpit fitted them
 Who were fitter for the Gallows.
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go ?

9.

Surplice was Superstition
 Voted right or wrong,
 By our Inquisition

Down

Down went Crosses,
 Tombs and Glasses,
 The Liturgy we made a Song;
 The Mytre and the Crown
 Gave way to private Meeters,
 The Riches and Renown
 Unto the zealous Greeters,
Pauls Church was tumbled down,
 To supply the wants of *Peters*.
But now poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

10.

I will go to the Village
 Where I was bred and born,
 And deal no more in pillage;
 I'll go borrow
 Plough and Harrow,
 And sow the fruitful fields with Corn:
 I'll leave off all
 My Quarterings and Billets;
 I'll never fall
 Into the traps of Zealots;
 But with my Sword I shall
 Defend both Prince and Prelates:
Into my Countrey I resolve to go.

The discontented Cavalier, Jan. 4. 1661.

In two Airs, an Alman and Seribran:

Composed by Mr. Taylor.

1.

A Way now with the Drum
 For the time is come

A

A Cavalier
May appear,
And shall be
Well rewarded for Loyalty
Royally,
Because he hath been true to
Sinking Sovereignty
Drink Wine freely my hearts,
For your high deserts,
So lately drown'd,
Shall be crown'd,
Cloth of gold
Will your wounded bodies infold;
Bags untold
You every day shall in your
Treasuries behold;
All Places of Profit and Renown
In the Town,
Sword or Gown,
Your sufferings shall crown.
Therefore let us laugh,
And quaff,
And drink all off,
A merry go down,
The Kingdom's all our own:
But hark what ill news abroad is told,
Places fold
Are for Gold,
And I by my troat
Have not up to *London* brought

Above

Above a groat,
For which my throat
Must sing another note.

Tune alter'd to the Seribrand.

2.

I am a Cavalier,
It sadly doth appear,
 My shirt's a clout,
 My elbow's out,
And never a Cloak to wear;
But I am grown so poor,
'Cause Fortune is a Whore,
 She deals her Boons
 To Pantaloons,
That pimp and keep the door.
 In Feather and Muff
 Is merit enough
For Gesemine-butter'd Squires;
 The lofty affairs
 Of Plackets and Players
Do keep us still in the bryers;
 Yet others I see
 Of better degree,
Or Truth is turn'd a Liar,
 Whose heads though they be
 Advanc'd very high,
Deserve to be set up higher.

The

3.

The Devil's in them still,
 Let times be what they will,
 When Fortune's in
 The minde to spin,
 The Devil guides the wheel ;
 Meer Politiques are but
 Knaves in a several cut,
 'Tis good or naught,
 As they will ha't,
 For Conscience door is shut :
 Religion and Laws
 Gild every Cause,
 And make it shew resplendent ;
 They carry the Name
 Ith' beginning oth' Game,
 But nothing to do with the end on't :
 We never did doubt
 When first we went out,
 And had no cause to fear,
 When merit began
 To march in the Van,
 That Ingratitude was in the Rear.

4.

'Tis Fortune's purblinde power
 That doth us all devour,
 She sets up slaves,
 She pardons Knaves
 And Rebels every hour ;
 Whilst Loyal hearts are fed

With

With begg'd and borrow'd bread,
 They in Perfumes
 And plunder'd Plumes
 Are daily worshipp'd;
 But these are the men,
 I speak it agen,
 Which lately I did tell you on,
 Whose fancies are fit
 With weapons and wit
 To raise up a new Rebellion
 Yet true Loyalty
 In my heart shall be
 An everlasting lodger;
 In my Rags I will sing,
 God save our good King,
 And send him no need of a Souldier.

The Secret.

The Air composed by Mr. Taylor.

I.

Would I reveal my minde
 I could declare,
 And tell you why
 That I
 Come not nigh
 You where you are,
 But must conceal my minde
 'Twixt love and fear;

Dumb

Dumb Melancholly,
 Nothing more strong,
 You and my folly
 Have done me wrong,
 To give me love and grief and ne're a tongue.

2.

How my heart lov'd thee
 My soul shall conceal,
 And by what sign
 That thine
 Then was mine,
 For he'll never tell;
 Though thou hast mov'd me
 Enough to reveal:
 Where shall we finde her
 That faithfull is,
 All women kinde are
 Like thee in this.
 And do as thou hast done, *kill where they kiss.*

3.

Now I enjoyned am
 To live apart,
 Helpt by desire
 My fire
 Do conspire
 To consume my heart;
 I am confined to
 Smile when I smart,
 Unless I take her,
 Within my bounds,

I must forsake her,
 Since Fortune frowns,
 As Kings are forced to lay down their Crowns.

The Repulse writ by a Lady.

*The Air composed by Mr. William Lawes, Servant
 to his late Majesty.*

I.

YOUR Love if vertuous will shew forth
 Some fruits of Devotion,
 There's no Religion can warrant
 A dishonest motion;
 Would you entice me to give you respect,
 You would not seek then my honour to infect
 With poisoned potions:
 If I ever did affect you,
 'Twas in honour, but in ill ends
 I must needs neglect you.

2.

That fort is feeble that words can subdue
 With their battery,
 'Tis better stop our ears, then set them
 Open to flattery;
 Shall I count that true which cannot be just,
 Your sighs and sad silence I may not trust
 With eyes so watry:
 Take a Lover from a passion,
 Like an image out of date
 He stands quite out of fashion.

The

The Reply, by the Authour.

1.

MY Love's as vertuous as yours is
 Where you frame affection,
 For so inflamed Religion
 You keep in subjection,
 I cannot tempt ye to give me respect,
 'Tis not the crime but the man you reject
 With words so zealous:
 This same trifle call'd Honour
 Is a pretty witty cover
 To conceal a Lover.

2.

What need a batt'ry be,
 When as the fort is resigning,
 You will ne're stop your ear
 At your own servants repining;
 Where we affect we do never mistrust,
 If you would spell Love, and chance to write Lust
 No interlining:
 Take a Lady in the humour,
 When the Love-fit is upon her,
 She'll ne're think of Honour,

The Courtier.

BE not afraid
 Thou rarest

C c

The

The fairest
 That ever was Maid,
 Deny me not a kifs,
 No man shall see
 The measure
 Of pleasure
 That I have from thee,
 What hurt is there in this?
*Then let's embrace, let all pleasures be free,
 The world shall ne're have knowledge
 How delightful we be.*

2.

I know that spyes
 Both creeping and peeping
 In each corner lyes
 To hinder all our joy;
 Cupid shall see,
 And finde 'em to blinde 'em
 That hinderance be
 To the getting of a boy.
Then let's embrace, &c.

3.

Venus invites,
 Fair Creature, Dame Nature
 Made you for delights,
 But yet to none but I;
 Then I'll embrace,
 And rife a trifle,
 Leave a jewel i'th' place,
 You'll keep until you dye.
Then let's embrace, &c.

Thi

SONGS.

The Ladies Answer.

1.

N Ay pish, nay fie
 You venter to enter
 A trespass so high,
 You'l wish it were undone;
 Should any spy,
 They'd wonder, look yonder,
 I see you'l not flye
 The chase you have begun:
 Since then y'ave won me,
 And all things are free;
 Ifaith you will undo me,
 If a tell-tale you be.

2.

Now y'have enjoy'd
 That measure of pleasure,
 Indeed I'm destroy'd,
 If I hear of it agen;
 Women do prove
 Neglected, rejected,
 When freedom of Love
 Is told to other men:
 Since then, &c.

3.

Oh take my heart,
 I'll ever endeavour
 That we never part

C c 2

'Till

'Till death assign the time ;
 Wer't not to you,
 Believe me 'twould grieve me
 To do what I do :
 O that Love should prove a crime,
 Yet 'tis a fault
 Of so sweet a degree,
 I surely am perswaded,
 Court nor Countrey goes free.

The Forfeiture : A Romance.

Tune, Dear let me now this evening dye.

1.

YOU that do look with Christian hue
 attend unto my Sonnet,
 I'll tell you of as vilde a Jew
 as ever wore a Bonnet ;
 No Jew of *Scotland* I intend,
 My story not so mean is,
 This Jew in wealth did much transcend
 Under the States of *Venice*.

2.

Where he by usury and trade
 did much exceed in Riches ;
 His beard was red, his face was made
 Not much unlike a Witches ;
 His habit was a Jewish Gown,
 That would defend all weather ;

His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

3.

Yet this deformed Father had
A daughter and a wife one,
So sweet a Virgin never Lad
Did ever set his eyes on;
He that could call this Lady foul
Must be a purblind Noddy,
But yet she had a Christian soul
Lodg'd in a Jewish body.

4.

Within the City there did live,
If you the truth will search on't,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Christian Merchant,
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature;
Whose love unto a friend was knit,
As strong as bonds of Nature.

5.

A Gentleman of good renown,
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of's own
Doth thus his friend importune;
Friend lend me but one thousand pound,
It shall again be paid ye;
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy Lady.

6.

The Merchant then makes this reply,
 Friend, I am out of treasure;
 But I will make my credit flye;
 To do my friend a pleasure:
 There is a Jew in town (quoth he)
 Who though he deadly hate me,
 Yet 'cause my wealth is strong at sea,
 This favour will not hate me.

17.

When they were come unto the Jew,
 He did demand their pleasure;
 The Merchant answers, I of you
 Would borrow so much treasure:
 The Jew replies, you shall not ha't,
 If such a summe would save ye,
 Unless in three moneths you will pay't,
 Or forfeit what I'de have you.

8.

If at the three moneths end you do,
 As you shall seal and sign to'r,
 Not pay the money which is due,
 Where e're I have a minde to't
 I'll cut a pound out of your flesh;
 The Merchant is contented,
 Because he knew in half that time,
 his shipping would prevent it.

9.

Ill news by every ship comes in,
 His ships are drown'd and fired;

The

The Jew his forfeiture doth win,
For three moneths are expired,
He is arrested for the debt,

The Court must now decide it ;
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

10.

The Merchants Friend that had the gold
Now being richly married,
Offer'd the summe down three times told
To have his friends life spared,
'T would not be took, but strait steps in
One in Doctors apparel ;
Who though but young doth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

11.

Jew, we do grant, that by the Law
A pound of flesh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We'll shew you what a Jew is ;
Take but a pound, as 'twas agreed,
Be sure you cut no further,
And cut no less, lest for the deed
You be arraign'd for murther.

12.

The Jew inrag'd doth tear the Bond,
And dares not do the slaughter,
He quits the Court, and then 'twas found
The Doctor proves his Daughter ;

SONGS.

Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart derived
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

13.

The Court consent, and they are wed,
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jews estate is forfeited,
And given to his Daughter ;
She is baptiz'd in Christendome,
The Jew cries out he's undone :
I wish such Jews may never come
To England nor to London.

Love in Languishment.

Tune, Have I not lov'd thee much and long.

1.

YOU to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.

The like to this is seldom known,
'Twill make your very souls to groan,
As if the case were all your own,

2.

A great man late a Daughtet had,
Which now may not be nam'd,
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd ;

But

SONGS.

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But young *Philaster* was his Name,
A Gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice
Was very much intrall'd;
And though her Father bid her she
Should to *Antonio's* suit agree:
She cries, *Philaster* is for me.

4.

One day *Philaster* having walkt
Close by a River side,
He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himself, and cry'd;
Could I but now a master view,
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a Servant true.

8.

Philaster entertain'd him straight,
And sent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move;
His pretty face did so engage,
She lookt upon his tender age.
More like a Brother then a Page.

6.

Betwixt them he so often went
With letters to and fro,

That

That it gave cause of discontent
 To young *Antonio*;
 Who cause he could not have his swinge,
 But all his love was off the hinge,
 He secretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaster and the Lady now
 By *Cupid's* great command,
 Are by the Priest with holy vow
 united hand in hand;
 But when the bonds of love were seal'd,
 And that their fears were quite expell'd,
 Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her Father apprehends him strait
 For stealing of his Heir,
 He's hurried to the prison-gate,
 And she left in despair;
Antonio makes false witness swear,
 That fornication did appear
 One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by course of law
 Are to the prison sent,
 Her father which did thither draw
 Her love doth now lament;
Phylaster hearing this, quoth he,
 Must I thus lose my life for she
 That's taken in Adultery?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
 Each eye so overflows,
 To think her Honour and her Love
 She in one hour should lose;
 Justice against them doth proceed,
 Two must be punish't, tother bleed,
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The Boy cries out you do amiss,
 For you do all mistake,
 I am a Virgin, and did this
 For young Antonio's sake;
 This Suit which now you see me wear,
 And all the course which I did steer,
 Was 'cause he should not marry her.

12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow

He'll marry none but she;
 Phylaster takes his Love, and now
 The Father doth agree:
 Their lives were near the push of pike,
 But now embrace, and soft hands strike,
 May all true Lovers do the like.

The Revolution: A Love-story.

Tune, No man loves fiery passions.

1.

YOU that are crost in love, and fain would see
 Some crosses like your own, give ear to me;

I

I have a story which doth plainly tell,
That Lovers hearts are tost 'twixt heaven and hell:
Therefore let him or her this place forbear,
That cannot vent a sigh, or shed a tear.

2.

A vertuous Lady, innocent and fair,
Who to a noble Knight was onely Heir,
Was to a Gentleman with quick dispatch
Contracted, but his brother scorn'd the match,
And therefore privately did plot to be
An enemy unto their amity.

3.

The costly garments, and the wedding chear
Provided is, for now the day draws near;
The Bride-men and the Bride-maids are made fit
To wait upon their vertue and their wit:
And till the day, long lookt for, doth appear,
Each hour's a day, and every day a year.

4.

The brother that was hatefully inclin'd,
Did yet appear to bear a better minde,
And seem'd as much to like the Match as they
That every hour did wish the wedding day;
But mark what follows, and you'll quickly be
Assur'd 'twas nothing but hypocrisie.

5.

He hires a knave, whose love was closely ty'd
Unto the Chambermaid that serv'd the Bride,
And bids him in the evening go unto her,
And in her Mistres chamber seem to wooe her;

Desire

Desire her for your humour to put on
One of her Mistress Gowns that well was known.

6.

The fellow goes to her whom he did know
Could not to any thing he crav'd cry no,
The Brother to the Bridegroom quickly hies,
To fill his brothers soul with jealousies ;
Quoth he, if you this strumpet Lady marry,
You and our Family will all miscarry.

7.

If you with two or three with me will go,
At night I'll shew you what you ne're did know ;
That Lady which hath lockt your love in charms,
I'll shew you tumbling in anothers arms :
For though till now I ne're did tell you on them,
These three nights I have cast my eyes upon them.

8.

The Bridegroom though he lov'd her well before,
Hating to be the Husband of a Whore,
Doth with his brother go, (who was his guide)
To see (as he suppos'd) his wanton bride ;
Where in her Mistress night-gown she was toying,
And with her plotting Sweet-heart closely playing.

9.

The marriage day is come, and now they go,
As some surmise, to make but one of two ;
But when the Bridegroom took her by the hand,
He gave the people all to understand,
That she was known a most notorious whore,
And vow'd from that time ne're to see her more.

The

10.

The Bride fell in a swoond, the father cry'd,
 Alack for me ! I would my childe had dy'd
 Before this time had come, for much I fear
 My sorrow will become my murd'erer,
 He caus'd her in this fit to be convey'd
 Home to his house, and in her chamber laid.

11.

The Chamber-maid much fearing some mistake,
 Desir'd her Sweet-heart that for her dear sake
 He would disclose, or him she'd never own,
 Why he would have her wear her Mistress Gown ?
 And after many subtle tricks of youth,
 He did confess, and tell the naked truth.

12.

She tells her master how they had been us'd,
 And by the Bridegrooms Brother thus abus'd ;
 Which when the Bride & Bridegroom knew, they then
 With joynt consent go to the Church agen :
 Where they did knit a knot until they dye,
 Which Men and Angels never shall untye.

The jealous Duke, and the injur'd Dutcheß: A story.

Tune, The Dream.

1.

OF all the wedlock plagues that be,
 None are so fierce
 As Jealousie,

As

As you shall see drawn to the life
 Between a Duke.
 And's vertuous Wife ;
 He was a Duke of *Parma* in *Italy*,
 His Lady great with childe
 Was wronged by his jealousie :
 He sends her unto prison guiltless of crime,
 And in that sickly season,
 When as she was near her time.

2.

Where afterward it came to pass,
 She of a Childe
 Delivered was,
 A lovely Daughter, which they took
 And brought it to
 The Jealous Duke ;
 Who in a fury did protest as before,
 The Infant was a Bastard,
 And its Mother was a Whore :
 The noble Lady that did bring it did cry,
 The vertuous Dutcheſs suffer'd
 Onely for his Jealousie.

3.

The Lady being much revil'd,
 She goes away
 And leaves the Childe ;
 He straight by oath enjoyns a Lord
 Who made a conscience
 Of his word:

Then

Then quoth the Duke, you must perform my command
 Take shipping strait,
 And bear this Brat into a forreign Land;
 Leave it in any wildernes you can finde,
 And let it there be nourished
 Onely by the rain and winde.

4.

The Nobleman is griev'd to do't,
 But that his Oath
 Enjoyns him to't;
 The Dutchess hearing that her Childe
 Was sent away
 To Countreys wilde,
 Falls in a swoond, (her spirits all being fled)
 The word was brought unto the Duke,
 His wife was newly dead;
 And that her last words were, (her eyes waxing dim)
Commend me to the Duke,
I ne're knew any man but him.

5.

Her dying words the Duke believes,
 And now alack
 Too late he grieves;
 For now the Lord (by his command)
 Is in the Duke
 Of Padua's Land;
 Where he the pretty Infant layes down (as he
 Had sworn to the Duke)
 And now returns agen to sea:
 But (by good fate) a shepherd that lost a sheep

Was

Was searching up and down that way;
And heard the Infant weep.

6.

The Mantle which the Childe did hold
Was rich embroidered
Cloth of Gold;
But when it was undrest, he found
The value of
Two thousand pound,
Besides a paper where was writ down the Name:
This treasure made the Shepherd straight
To grow in wealth and fame;
He bred the Childe as decently as he cou'd;
But in its disposition one
Might finde the parents bloud.

7.

At sixteen years of age she was
The prettiest Nymph
That trod on grass;
Once on a day when she did keep
(As she suppos'd) Her fathers sheep,
A Gentleman which her fair face lookt upon,
Was stricken straight in love,
And 'twas the Duke of Padua's Son;
Who from that hour would every day come to see
His Mistress whom he lov'd like life,
Though of a low degree.

8.

Much love there was betwixt them both;
Till they contracted were by oath;

D d

Which

Which when his father came to know,
 Then did begin
 The Lovers woe ;
 For with extream outrageous words he begun
 To bid him leave her,
 Or he'd never own him as a son ;
 The Prince did vow his love he ne're would withdraw
 Although he lost his father,
 And the Crown of *Padua*.

9.

But having got much treasure, he
 Doth with this Virgin
 Put to sea ;
 After a while there was report,
 They're in the Duke
 Of *Parma's* Court ;
 The Duke of *Padua* then for fear they should wed,
 Will follow, if he finde it true,
 His son shall lose his head :
 But the old Shepherd fearing wrong should befall,
 His pretty witty Daughter
 Doth resolve to finde them all.

10.

The Bride and Bridegroom now in state
 Are going to
 The Temple-gate,
 The Duke of *Padua* with his trains
 Doth stop them,
 And forbids the Banes ;
 And to the Duke of *Parma* plainly sayes, that

His

His son did flye from him
 To marry with a Shepherds brat ;
 The Bride and Bridegroom by both Dukes in a breath
 Commanded are to separate,
 Or they shall meet in death.

11.

Both are content, and are led on
 Unto their
 Execution.

They were to suffer both alike,
 The Headsmans Axe

Was up to strike :

(town)

Hold quoth the Shepherd, I bring strange news to

The Dukes were both amazed,

And the Axe was straight laid down,

This Lady sixteen years ago did I finde,

This paper and these Jewels,

For the Child is none of mine.

12.

The Lord that bore the Childe away

Seeing the Name,

Did boldly say,

Great Duke of *Parma*, this is she

Which you did send away by me ;

'Tis your own Daughter : then the Duke full of tears

Embrace them both, and now

Another Marriage day appears ;

Bonfires and Bells, the Conduits all run with wine :

By this we see there's nothing can

Prevent the Powers divine.

The Double Marriage: A sad Story.

Tune, Amidst the Mirtles as I walkt.

1.

Amongst all woes that ever we
Have felt, or else in story read,
There is no greater misery,
Then an inforced Marriage-bed.

2.

As I will sadly make appear,
When I my story shall unfold,
You will confesse that you do hear
The saddest tale that e're was told.

3.

A Gentleman of good renown
Did dye, and left his Heir in ward
Unto the mercy or the frown
Of a most proud imperious Lord.

4.

This Gallant was a youth of worth,
His feature might affection move,
Who travelling into the North,
It was his fate to fall in Love,

5.

With a fair Lady of good fame,
And being on both sides agreed,
They in one Contract mix their flame,
And seal it as their act and deed.

S O N G S.

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6.

No sooner did their souls accord
In tears and kisses, oaths and vows,
But he is sent for by his Lord
To London ; now comes all the woes.

7.

The Lord his Guardian doth prefer
Him to a Lady of his kin,
The Gallant cries, should I take her,
I might commit a grievous sin.

8.

I am contracted, Sir, quoth he,
To one I love no less then life ;
And you know, Sir, that Contracts be
The greatest bonds 'twixt man and wife.

9.

The Guardian by his power compells
The woful Ward to break his oath,
And (which all misery excells)
Unto another plight his troth.

10.

He sends into the North with speed,
To her whom he by right should wed ;
Onely one line which she doth read,
Forgive me, I am married.

11.

This broke her heart, but she indites
An answer which much sorrow bred ;
For in one fatal line she writes,
My Dear, Forgive me I am dead.

D d 3

12.

Then with her knife she made it good,
 And by a desperate stroke did prove,
 Sealing it with her flowing blood,
 That Life is nothing without Love.

13.

The Gentleman forsakes his Wife,
 Such misery this Marriage bred;
 Quoth he, I'll never lead a life
 With thee in an adult'rous Bed.

14.

I'th' wicked wayes he now begins
 To riot all his vaste estate,
 His wife was brought to bed of twins,
 The Mothers grief, the Fathers hate.

15.

His wife and children full of woe
 And want unto their father come,
 Who now in *England* doth not know
 A place that he can call his home.

16.

His breach of Contract in his thought
 Doth now (at last) so fiercely fall,
 That by the devil he is wrought
 To kill his wife and children small:

17.

His sword, but by good fate
 Never comes running in,
 He can read a letter straight;
 He, my Gallant doth begin

To

SONGS.

18.

To be more temperate in his minde,
For thus it seems the letter said,
Your Guardian that was so unkinde,
Much griev'd for you, is lately dead ;

19.

He hath bequeath'd his whole Estate
To be onely at your dispose,
And doth confess, though now too late,
He was the cause of all your woes.

20.

He bids you likewise, since you are
The Husband of another Wife,
That you will take her to your care,
And lead a loving peaceful life.

21.

This counsel he resolves to take,
And loving to his wife appears ;
Though often for his Contracts sake
He venteth penitential tears.

22.

Thus have you seen the misery
Which infore'd Marriage doth procure
Therefore let all forewarned be
Never to break that are made sure.

The Broken Contract.

Tune, Cloris farewell, I needs must go.

1.

YOU that are safe and sound in sou',
Whose mindes are well, and hearts are whole,

D d 4

Attend

*Mimnack John Smith
His Book*

Attend my tale, for I impart
 The sorrows of a broken heart ;
 So sad it is, that much I fear,
 'Twill break your very hearts to hear.

2.

A Lady (as my story saith)
 Was bound within the bonds of faith
 As fast as Contract could unite
 Unto a youthful noble Knight ;
 But by her powerful Brother she
 Was forc'd to break this unity.

3.

She now is married to a rich
 And very jealous Old man, which
 Doth in her love take much delight,
 But she must ne're stir out of fight ;
 By all that look upon her he
 Doth fear he shall cornuted be.

4.

The old man breaks his heart with fears,
 The Knight doth waste his soul in cares ;
 The Lady spends her time in tears,
 Her Brother courts a friend of hers :
 And being now a Lover strong,
 Repents he did his Sister wrong.

5.

Her Brother and his Love are now
 United by a lasting vow,
 The gallant Bridegroom and his Bride
 Do for the Nuptial day provide ;

The

The Knights revenge was grown so great,
He could not make it to retreat.

6.

But she that should have been his wife
Doth grow so weary of her life,
That she resolves to eat no food
Or sustenance to do her good,
Till famine cease on all her parts;
Thus broken vows make broken hearts.

7.

The Knight a challenge sends to him,
Who now in seas of joyes do swim,
And bids him meet without delay
The morning of his wedding day;
Or else he vow'd for all his harms
To kill him in his Ladies arms.

8.

The Bridegroom meets him, and they fight,
But the undaunted daring Knight
Fill'd with revenge doth charge him so,
That he in his own blood doth flow;
Thus in a moment here you have
A Bride-bed turn'd into a Grave.

9.

When this report abroad was blaz'd,
The woful Bride being much amaz'd,
Tears off the wedding garment, which
Her body lately did enrich;
Her heart o'recharg'd with grief, she cry'd,
We'l meet above, and so she dy'd.

The

10.

The Bridegrooms sister which before
Had made a vow to feed no more,
Being in seas of sorrows drown'd,
She throws her self upon the ground ;
Saying it cannot be withstood,
But broken vows must end in blood.

11.

These words she had no sooner spoke,
But instantly her heart was broke ;
The Knight with hands in blood imbrued
Is now by Officers pursued,
And in his Chamber they at last
Do finde him with his door lockt fast.

12.

They break it open, and there finde,
The saddest sight is left belinde ;
For when they in the Chamber come,
They finde him naked in the room,
Where every vein from head to foot
He with his knife had newly cut.

13.

Much like a fountain there he stood,
For all his limbs were spouts of blood ;
But when his veins did cease to swell,
He dyed, and down the fountain fell ;
Thus doth one broken vow devour
The lives and precious blood of four.

14.

May this a warning prove to all,
Whose Vows are Matrimoniall ;

Look

Look e're you leap, for having vow'd,
The breach can never be allow'd;
For you may well discern by this,
A Contract broke, like Murther is.

A merry Marriage: A Stratagem.

Tune, Do but view this glass of Claret.

1.

THis new Song that I would sell you
Some suppose is very true,
Where 'twas done I may not tell you,
Time will bring it to your view;
What I mean now to reveal you,
Is both witty, quaint, and new.

2.

In a place as yet unplunder'd
An old Usurer did dwell,
Who took fifty in the hunderd,
Some can by experience tell;
But his son in Taverns thunder'd,
And did strow't abroad as well:

3.

Young and handsome, bred a Scholar,
Never free from Tavern scores,
But his Father full of dolor
Turns my Gallant out of doors;
Swearing in a cruel choller,
That he spent his means with whores.

He

4.

He besides him had a Daughter,
Young and lovely, fair and bright,
She was worth the looking after,
For her Portion was not light;
But the trick that's worth your laughter,
Will appear anon at night.

5.

Not far off a Widow dwelt that
Was both pretty, young and wise,
This old fellow quickly smelt that
She would prove a golden prize;
In his clean Ruff, and his Felt Hat
He to her a wooing hies.

6.

Such good entertainment she made,
That he thought she was his own;
But the wanton son that he had
Came as soon as he was gone,
Told her plainly he should be mad,
If she would not hear his moan.

7.

When she saw his youth and feature
To be confident and kinde,
She did covet much the creature,
But his wildeness chang'd her mind;
And contrary to her nature
Said he should no favour finde.

8.

This did quite confound the Lover,
But her kinsman was his friend:

Who

Who unto him did discover
What a plot he did intend;
I know what (quoth he) shall move her,
And shall gain her in the end.

9.

Soon at night do you come hither,
If you will the Widdow wed,
You shall all night lye beneath her,
Close convey'd under her bed;
When you are so near together,
Ten to one you will be sped:

10.

But before you come I'll swear you,
Though you lye upon the lurch,
That you honestly will bear you,
Till you both have been at Church,
Else revenge I vow shall tear you
Ten times more then brine and birch.

11.

To this plot they both consented,
But another plot's in hand,
A poor Knight is discontented
For the morgage of his Land;
For it seems the devil sent it
Unto this old Miser's hand.

12.

This Knight with money doth desire it,
But because the day is past,
This Curmudgeon doth require it
As a forfeiture at last;

But

But his Daughter doth admire
The patience of the Knight so crost.

13.

She's in love and dares not shew it,
By her Brother she was betray'd ;
For by him the Knight doth know it,
Who with love salutes the Maid ;
She doth well consent unto it,
The Match at midnight must be made.

14.

Therefore he doth thus advise her,
To the widows you shall go,
For your Brother will surprize her,
E're the morning comes I know ;
Bring my Morgage, lest your wiser
Father plot our overthrow.

15.

All is done, and now the morning
Through the widdows window peeps,
He provided 'gainst all scorning,
Out into her Chamber creeps ;
She cries out, whilst he is turning
To her to secure her lips :

16.

There he vows if she will marry,
He'l become a civil man,
But if not, she shall miscarry
In her reputation ;
For he swears he there will tarry,
Till her credit's quite undone.

He

17.

He calls up his Friend and Sister
 To be witness to the Match,
 Who but for this trick had mist her,
 For he caught her on the Catch;
 There before them all he kist her,
 To the Church they all dispatch.

18.

When the Usurer did hear that
 He was cheated of his wife,
 And his Daughter, he did swear that
 He would strait reform his life;
 Then he bids them joy, and prays that
 Their midnight Match may know no strife.

The happy Adventure, or the witty Lady: A story.

Tune, Wert thou much fairer then thou art.

1.

ALL you that Wit and Beauty know,
 Give ear to me, and I will shew
 A Witty Fair-one that can fie
 Your mindes with Beauty and with Wit;
 She was a Virgin not inthrall'd,
 And commonly *Maria* call'd.

2.

Fair *Isabel* was one that she
 Had lov'd even from her infancy,

Who

Which was betroathed to a quick
And nimble youth, call'd *Frederick*;
Who for a chance which often doth
Befall, refus'd to keep his oath.

3.

Her Brother was a Merchant, and
Had all her portion in his hand,
A man of judgement, wealth and wit,
And went himself to sea with it;
But certain news came in a day,
He and his ship was cast away.

4.

Her portion by mischance thus gone,
She must no more be lookt upon,
For *Frederick* will make't appear,
He lov'd her money more then her;
Thus in one day she must forego
A Brother and a Husband too.

5.

He doth begin to love each grace
That dwells in fair *Maria's* face,
Her wit and beauty (both combin'd)
So strangely captivate his minde;
That he sollicites night and day
The Lady in a lustful way.

6.

His last request she answers thus;
Sir, what will people speak of us,
If't should be known, as 'twill (quoth she)
If I at last with childe should be?

He

SONGS.

65

He answers straight (to quit all fear)
Ere that be known he'l marry her.

7.

She bids him come at night, and she
Will entertain him secretly ;
Quoth she, if just at ten you'l wait,
You shall come through the garden gate :
One pair of stairs you cannot miss,
Next to the Bower my Chamber is.

8.

There we in darkness both must lye,
You'l finde no other light but I ;
And in the morning when the day
Appears you must make haste away,
Lest Visitants do come to me,
And make a sad discovery.

9.

He takes his leave of her, but then
Each hour is twenty until ten ;
No other thoughts come in his head,
But fair *Maria* and the bed,
And she as busie is in thought,
How this to pass may well be brought.

10.

Her purest linnen she does spread,
Perfum'd and pleasant for the bed ;
The night grows dark, that none can see,
The hour is come, and so is he :
Now what they do I dare not tell,
I fear you all can guess too well.

E e

In

11.

In silence all the night was past,
 And both do fall asleep at last;
 The morning's come, the sun doth rise,
 And now he views his Mistress eyes;
 But when he had survey'd her well,
 'Twas his contracted *Isabel*:

12.

This was the witty fair ones plot,
 He swore and curst, and up he got;
Maria doth the Musick guide,
 To bid good morrow to the Bride;
 And every part o'th' Town doth tell,
 That he hath married *Isabel*.

13.

He findes himself thus catcht, and he
 In silence suffers it to be;
Maria with good news doth come,
 Her Brother is come richly home;
 And that the rumour of the wrack
 (As it appears) was a mistake.

14.

This proves great joy to *Isabel*,
Maria likes the news as well;
 For 'twas well known that he and she
 Were Lovers e're he went to sea:
 His coming home hath rais'd them all,
 Who did in desperation fall.

15.

They meet, kiss, and salute their loves,
 One's soul in t'others body moves;

The

The joyes they have no tongue can tell,
 But onely they that love as well;
 The Marriage-day appointed is,
 The first step to a Lovers blifs.

16.

You witty fair ones that are here,
 Is not this project chaste and clear?
 And was it not a noble end,
 To pleasure a contracted friend?
 Of all that Poets e're exprest,
 The *witty fair one* is the best.

*The Royal Rant:
 A Medley in Oliver's time.*

B *Arre-boy* cease to roar,
 We shall quaff no more,
 When we think upon the dayes
 Of Love and Musick, Loyalty and Playes;
 When Law and Reason
 Were not high Treason,
 'Twas a good season than;
 Ere Parliaments
 Brought these events,
 'Twas fame enough to be an Englishman;
 But Legislators,
 And Regis-haters
 Have brought such slaughters since;
 The Gentry
 In prisons lye,
 And finde it crime enough to be a Prince.

E c 2

In

2.

In a dungeon deep we lye,
 Cramp't with cold Captivity,
 Where the bedless bottom owns
 Nothing to relieve our bones;
 Yet such is the sacred scope of the soul,
 That we never think
 Of the stink,
 When cold water we drink,
 For Conscience crowns the bowl.

3.

Thus the ship of Reformation,
 That was lately lancht in blood,
 Floats in floods of lamentation;
 Let us now behold the wood,
 Where the Royal Oak once growing,
 Made it a perpetual spring;
 There sedition now is sowing,
 Hark what *Philomel* doth sing.

4.

The Nightingale so quick,
 Is now grown sick, sick, sick,
 To see the Royal vocal Wood,
 So bonny and good, good good,
 Where each bonny Bird did meet
 With concord sweet, sweet sweet,
 Is defil'd by Rebels, where they hug
 Their Leaguer Lady,
Jug jug, jug jug jug jug jug jug.

Thus

5.

Thus you see how tydes are turning,

No condition's lasting,

In a moment mirth and mourning,

Blowing buds are blasting;

Fortune is

A coy Mistress,

No man ever kept her;

She'l (by power)

In an hour

Make a Sword a Scepter.

6.

Yet let us wait upon her wheel,

And not with fury fret her;

For she that turn'd from well to ill,

May turn from bad to better.

7

Therefore *Barre-boy* roar agen,

We will drink like Englishmen,

For every Pottle bring up ten;

I hope this is no Treason:

He that is

In a Land like this,

Must lay aside his Reason.

8.

Then let us drink a Health to his fame,

Who for our tongues we dare not name,

Who for a Throne we dare not own;

But wee'll devise a curse likewise

Upon the State-Hector, the People's Projector,

May

May all they have done come home to their own
Drawer! Bring up your Wine, and fill up your Pot
 For we are the Men that have no Plots,

The Frolick.

A Medley of three Airs.

1.

A Qualm comes over me, Drawer bring
 Up a Quart of Canary;
 We will drink till our eyes
 Out-sparkle the Skies,
 And make the full Moon miscarry;
 For since Canary will be a King,
 This Room shall be a Star-Chamber,
 'Cause the Glafs in the close
 At every man's Nose,
 Reflects on his Brow like Amber:
 But where are the Moon and Stars,
 Alas! they have lost their light;
 We'll drink them up
 T'other Cup,
 Canary can fix 'em right:
 Canary can conquer Mars,
 And tumble his Target down;
 What he can do
 Who doth know,
 'Till he gets in the Crown.

Why

2.

Why should we heartless be,
 But look up unto
 Wine, and the wonders Canary can do;
 Let us dance after chance
 Like fairy Elves,
 Drink down misfortune, and drink up our selves;
 Drink till the hogheads reel
 One against t'other,
 Then like right Statesmen we'll
 Drink one another:
 All the chink
 That we drink
 Springs in our Meadows,
 We ne're quaff
 The tears of
 Orphans and Widdows.

3.

'Tis but folly
 To be formal holy,
 Let's be jolly,
 Hang up melancholy;
 They that reprove us
 Did never love us,
 But would remove us,
 That they might be above us:
 Then let us tarry,
 lest we miscarry,
 If we but vary
 Our Principle Canary;

Why

At

Although they scant us,
 This shall not daunt us,
 Though they out-vaunt us,
 They never shall out-rant us.

The Jubilee, on the Coronation day.
Tune, The King enjoys his own again.

LEt every man with tongue and pen
 Rejoyce that Charles is come agen,
 To gain his Scepter and his Throne,
 And give to every man his own;
 Let all men that be
 Together agree,
 And freely now expresse their joy:
 Let your sweetest voices bring
 Pleasant Songs unto the King,
 To Crown his Coronation day.

2.
 All that do tread on English earth
 Shall live in freedom, peace and mirth;
 The golden times are come, that we
 Did one day think we ne're should see:
 Protector and Rump
 Did put us in a dump,
 When they their Colours did display;
 But the time is come about,
 We are in, and they are out,
 By King Charles his Coronation day.

FINIS.

